

FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

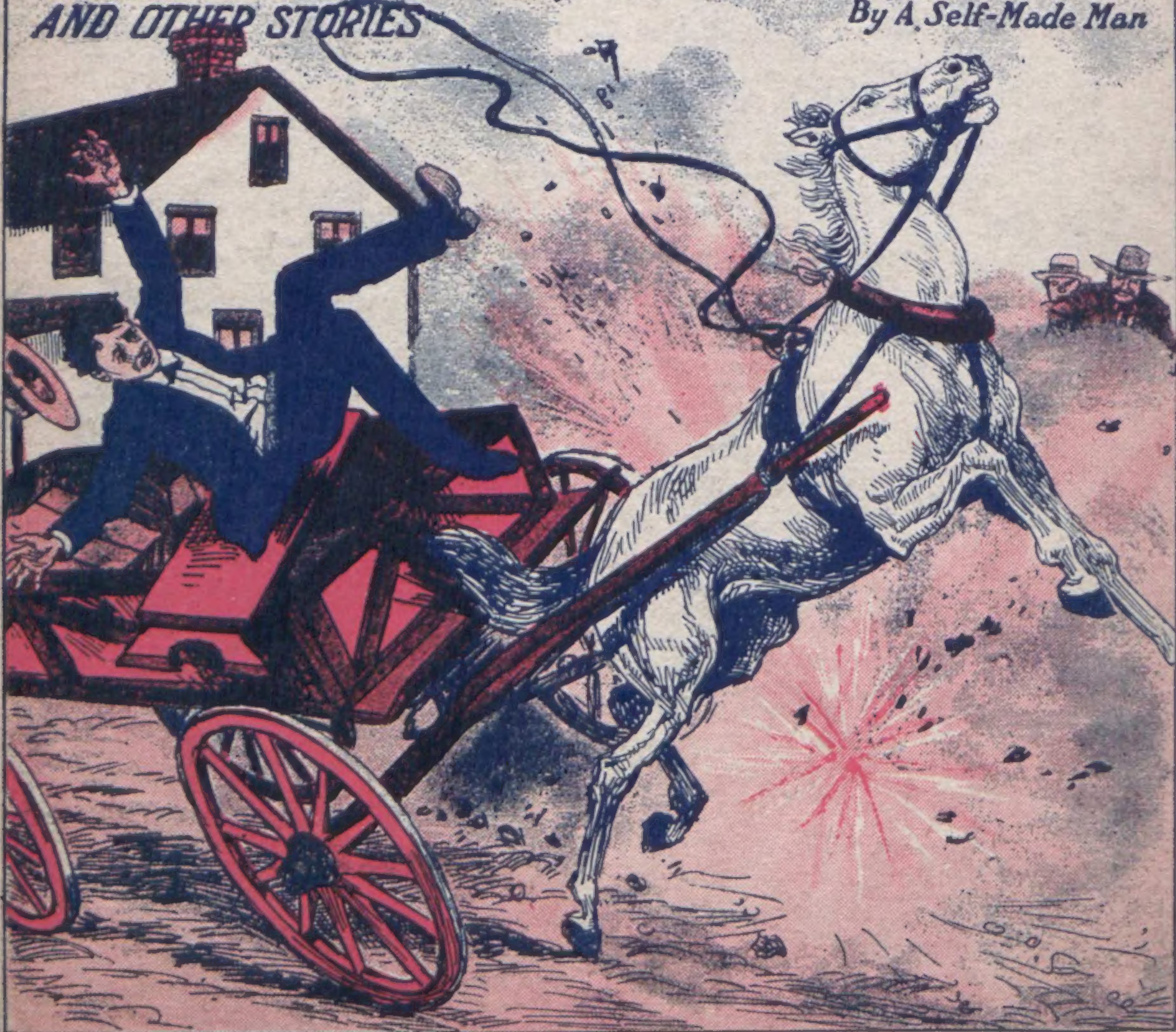
STORIES OF
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

AFTER A BIG STAKE

OR BRAINS AGAINST BRAWN

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



The men yelled and there came a terrible explosion almost under the horse. A startled cry escaped the boy as he pitched over backward from the shaken wagon seat. Instantly the air was filled with smoke and gas.

Don't Miss The Radio Article On Pages 24 and 25

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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AFTER A BIG STAKE

OR, BRAINS AGAINST BRAWN

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Which Introduces the Hero.

"Gee! I'd like to get that job," said Tom Hadley, gazing at an advertisement in the Milltown Morning News, as he sat in a small restaurant eating a humble breakfast of coffee and rolls, for his finances were at low ebb. "Now much chance for me, I guess, for there's bound to be a crowd after it."

This is the advertisement which had riveted Tom's attention:

"BOY WANTED—One not afraid of work. Orphan preferred. Must live on premises. Good pay to the right party. Apply in person to Mr. Guyman Guffin, Woodbine Villa, on the county road half a mile from Main street."

Tom read the advertisement over again. It looked good to him. Anyway he need a job bad, and this appeared to be a steady one.

"'Not afraid of work,' that's me," he said. "'Orphan preferred,' that's me again. I've been an orphan for a whole year. 'Must live on the premises,' that suits me from the ground up, for I haven't any home. 'Good pay to the right party,' that's best of all. It goes right to the spot, but if I can't get good pay I'll work for less, particularly where board and lodging are thrown in. 'Apply in person to Mr. Guyman Guffin,' rather an odd name. I've heard of Griffin, but never of Guffin. I guess he must be a retired gent, living on his money. Elderly and bald-headed. I wonder how much of a family he has? Well, I'm going to try for the situation on the principle that nothing ventured nothing won."

Tom finished his breakfast, fished out a dime to pay for it, which he regarded longingly as he pushed it across the counter to the proprietor of the restaurant, for dimes were as scarce as hen's teeth with the boy, and started for Woodbine Villa. Main street was the connecting link between one end of the county road and the other. It ran east and west. Tom had walked into Milltown via the eastern end of the county road the evening before, and as he was an observing boy he had seen nothing in that direction that looked like a gentleman's villa, therefore, he argued, it

must lie to the west, so he proceeded in that direction. On passing the post-office he decided to make sure, so he stepped in and asked the boy he saw at the delivery window if he knew where Woodbine Villa was.

"Sure I know," replied the youth. "Mr. Guyman Guffin lives there, and we receive a pile of mail for him every day. Going to call on him?"

"Yes. The villa is in that direction, isn't it?"

"Yep. About a mile from here, on the right-hand side of the road. House stands back from the road, and has a cupola on top. There's a silver plate on the gate with the words 'Woodbine Villa' in big script. Guffin has an advertisement in the morning paper for a boy. Are you after the job?"

"Yes, but I hardly expect to connect. There's bound to be a crowd of boys after it."

"Think so?" grinned the youth.

"Yes; it seems to be a good job."

"You are a stranger in town, aren't you?"

"I am. Arrived here last evening."

"I thought so."

"Why?"

"Because you're after that job."

"Don't you suppose there will be a lot of others after it, too?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He won't take anybody but an orphan."

"I'm an orphan."

"Not afraid of work, I suppose?"

"No."

"You'll find plenty to do at the villa if you're hired. Are you a good reader?"

"Yes. Why?"

"One of your duties will be to read the papers to Mr. Guffin."

"That's easy."

"Then you'll have to read all the letters that come to him, and there are a bunch of them."

"I can do that."

"And answer them by dictation. Are you a good writer?"

"First rate."

"He's got a big library. You'll have to read to him every night."

"I don't object."

"You'll eat in the kitchen with the chambermaid and the cook, and sleep in the garret."

"All right. Does he really pay well?"

"I don't know any boy who stayed long enough to find out."

"Didn't they like the job?"

"No. They say he's got wheels in his head."

"Is he a crank?"

"He's a bit off in the bean."

"Eccentric, you mean?"

"Very much so. His block is full of fancies. Strikes a new idea every month or so and you've got to humor him—or you get the G. B."

"I see; he's odd. Different from the usual run."

"I should cackle. You'll probably catch on, but I judge from your face that you won't last."

"What's the matter with my face?"

"You look smart and up-to-date. Mr. Guffin is a back number. He lives in the past, and I imagine that won't suit you. I'll give you a week, but I wouldn't bet you'll stay that long."

"Oh, I'll stay, for I need the money. Has he a wife and family?"

"No. He has a housekeeper who runs the place for him. Her name is Caxey."

"Is he a bachelor or widower?"

"He's a bachelor. By the way, what's your name?"

"Tom Hadley. What's yours?"

"Bob Pettingill. My father is postmaster. We live around the corner."

"Do you work here regularly?"

"Yep. I'm dad's general assistant."

"You think I stand a good show of getting the job at Woodbine Villa?"

"There might be a couple of other applicants; but as that advertisement has been in the paper for a week it looks as if the situation was still open."

"I guess I'll get on my way. I'm glad to have made your acquaintance, and I am much obliged for the information you've given me."

"You're welcome. Drop in and see me again, even if you don't get the job."

"I will, but I may not have a chance soon if I'm taken on."

"Yes, you will. You'll be sent twice a day to get the Guffin mail, and to post the answers."

"How is it he gets a big mail if he's not in business?"

"He sends his name to mail order fakers who print people's names and addresses for ten cents each. The fakers send their lists around to the big mail order houses and to various manufacturing concerns, and they send their circulars and catalogues to the names on the lists."

"What does Mr. Guffin want with the circulars and catalogues?"

"One of his crazy ideas is to have a big mail every day."

"If that's a fad with him, and he can afford to indulge in it, I don't see anything wrong about it."

"I suppose we oughtn't kick, for we sell him a lot of stamps."

During the foregoing conversation people coming to ask for the mail addressed to them occasionally interrupted their talk. A rush of four persons after stamps, and with third-class matter to have weighed, came at this point, so Tom said good-by to his new acquaintance and left

the post-office. When Tom reached the county road he was overtaken by a farm boy in a wagon.

"Want a ride?" asked the boy, in a friendly way.

"Yes. I wouldn't mind having a lift as far as Woodbine Villa," said Tom, getting on the seat.

"Are you going there?" asked the boy, looking at him curiously.

"Yes."

"In answer to Mr. Guffin's advertisement?"

"Yes."

"Are you an orphan?"

"I am."

"Not afraid of work?"

"No."

"Can read books and papers, and write a good hand?"

"Yes."

"You'll get the job."

"What does he pay, do you know?"

"Fifteen dollars a month, with board and lodging."

"That suits me first-rate."

The farm boy asked Tom his name, told his own, which was Dick Stevens, and said his father's farm adjoined the villa.

"Then I'm likely to see you again if I go to work for Mr. Guffin?"

"I guess so," said Dick. "There's the villa yonder. See the cupola?"

"I see it above those trees."

The farm boy reined in before the gate and Tom got out after thanking him for the ride. He walked up to the front piazza and rang the bell. A little girl, rather pretty, of about fifteen, attired in calico, answered.

"Is Mr. Guyman Guffin at home?" asked Tom.

"He is," said the maid.

"I should like to see him."

"Did you come in answer to his advertisement?"

"Yes."

"Walk in."

Tom did so and found himself in a wide hall, with a low ceiling, polished floor and a broad staircase at the back. Standing on pedestals, on either side, were complete suits of different kinds of armor, with visored helmets, closed, looking in the half light of the hall like real men on silent guard.

"Follow me," said the maid as the visitor stared at the curious effigies.

CHAPTER II.—In Which Tom Gets A Situation.

The girl led Tom to a door on the right and knocked.

"Come in," said a voice.

"Here's a boy who's come in answer to your advertisement, sir," said the girl.

"Ah, indeed. Show him in."

The maid held the door open for the visitor and Tom entered a large and comfortable room, furnished with an old-fashioned escritoire or desk made of Spanish mahogany, several leather upholstered chairs, a large rug, a library table spread with papers and magazines, and mahogany shelving running all around the room filled with several thousand books of all shapes, sizes and

conditions of binding. Seated in a large arm-chair by the window, attired in dressing gown and slippers, was Mr. Guyman Guffin. He was a small man, of perhaps fifty-five, with the unhealthy look of a person lacking necessary air and exercise, but his face, though pallid, was rather pleasant, and Tom decided at once that he was not a crank. He pointed to a convenient chair, at the same time taking the boy in from head to foot with a sweeping look, and Tom sat down.

"You have called——"

"In answer to your advertisement. I am an orphan, out on the world, not afraid of work, can read anything from print to manuscript and I write a good plain hand," said Tom, in an off-hand tone, knowing he probably would be questioned on these points, and thinking it would save time to cover the grounds at once, in a business-like way.

At any rate he produced a favorable impression on Mr. Guffin.

"Will you go to that desk and show me a specimen of your handwriting?" he said. "You will find a pad, with pens and ink."

Tom dashed off a couple of sentences and signed his name. He handed the paper to the gentleman. Mr. Guffin nodded approvingly.

"That is your name?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Take this book and read one of the paragraphs."

Tom took the book from his hand. It was a work on the chivalry of the Middle Ages, printed and published about the beginning of the nineteenth century. The type was close, and a size or two smaller than would have been employed in the production of a similar kind of work at the present time. While not difficult to read it required closer attention to follow the words. Tom read a fairly long paragraph in a clear tone and without the least hesitation. Mr. Guffin nodded again.

"Have you any knowledge of chemistry?"

"No, sir."

"Just a common school education?"

"Yes, sir."

"Any objection to extending your education under my supervision?"

"No, sir."

"Very well. I'll hire you on trial. Your remuneration will be \$15 a month, with board and lodging. It is understood that your entire time is to be at my disposal, but you can have Wednesday night and Sunday afternoon off. If we get on well together you will have other privileges. Is that satisfactory to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a trunk to bring here?"

"No, sir; only a suit-case."

"You left it in town, I suppose?"

"I did; at a lodging house where I spent the night."

"Go and fetch it, and then you can start in at once."

Tom rose to go.

"There is no reason why you should walk to town and back, Thomas," said Mr. Guffin. "You will go to the stable in the yard and harness the mare to the light wagon. Here are several let-

ters which you can leave at the post-office on your way. Here is the key to my mail box. It is one of the large ones: No. 164. Bring the mail back with you."

The maid appeared in response to the gentleman's ring.

"Nancy, this is Thomas Hadley. I have employed him. Show him where the key of the barn is kept. Always return the key, Thomas, when you are through with it."

Tom accompanied the maid to the kitchen, where he was introduced to the fat cook. Then the girl, whose full name was Nancy Decker, showed him where the key of the barn always hung when not in use. He took it and made his way across the yard to the building, which was not an ordinary barn by any means, but quite a stylish house in its way. It had the usual large door, and a window in the loft above. A buggy and two wagons occupied the larger part of the floor space. On the other side there were three stalls, two of which were occupied. The loft, which Tom did not see at that time, was filled with hay and feed. Nancy went to the barn with Tom and pointed out the horse that he was to use. He pushed the wagon outside and swung it around, then he put the harness on the mare.

"You know how to do it, don't you?" said Nancy. "Did you ever work on a farm?"

"Yes, I have just come from a farm, down Weymouth way," he replied.

"I was born and raised in Weymouth," said the maid, "and I lived for two years on Moses Abbott's farm, two miles out."

"Why, that's the man I worked for," said Tom. "How did you ever put in two years there? I couldn't stand it more than four months."

"I don't know, but I did," said the girl. "Then I ran away, came to Milltown, and next day I was hired by Mrs. Caxey, the housekeeper of this place."

"How long have you been working here?"

"A year."

"Do you like the place?"

"Oh, yes. It is a dream alongside the Abbott farm."

"I hope we shall be good friends, Miss Nancy."

"I am sure we shall, for I like you already."

By that time Tom had the mare attached to the shafts.

"I must be off now," he said. "I will see you when I come back."

He drove out of the yard into a sort of lane which Nancy pointed out to him as the route he must take in going and coming in the wagon, and was presently in the road. The mare could go some and Tom soon reached the town. He did not stop at the post office to mail the letters his new employer had given to him, but went straight to the cheap lodging-house where he put up the night previous. Getting his grip he returned to the post-office and entered the place. He mailed the letters, then looked for box 164, opened it and found it crowded with letters, newspapers, catalogues, and several packages of samples. These he transferred to the space under the wagon seat where there was a box with a cover and lock to receive them. Returning to the window where he had met the postmaster's son he looked for that vivacious youth. He was not in sight, so Tom went back to the wagon and was presently on his

return to the villa. Putting up the mare and the wagon he re-entered the kitchen with his grip and one arm full of mail matter. A stout, cheerful-looking lady was giving orders to the cook. This was Mrs. Caxey, and Tom was introduced to her as the master's new boy.

"I 'ope as 'ow you'll remain with us, Master 'Adley," she said, with a strong cockney accent. "If there's one thing I 'ate, it's to 'ave new boys halways turnin' hup."

"Have you had many of them, ma'am?" asked Tom, politely.

"'Ave we 'ad many haff them? I should think we did," said Mrs. Caxey. "Where so many horphans come from I 'aven't the least idea. Between you and me, Marster 'Adley, I don't believe 'arf of them was real orphans. Any'ow they 'ardly get settled down before they hup and leaves. It couldn't 'ave been the victuals, for they 'ad the best the market affords. It couldn't 'ave been their bed, for it's good enough for hanybody. It must 'ave been their hinability to happeciate a good thing, which I 'opes won't be the case with you."

"I hope not, ma'am."

"I hallow I 'ave taken a likin' to you, for you look diff'rent from the rest of them horphans. I suppose you are a real boneyfide horphan, ain't you?"

"Yes, ma'am. I regret to say. My father died two years ago, and my mother about a year since. I haven't a relative I know of in the world."

"I believe you, Marster 'Adley. It's quite refreshin' to meet with a boy 'oo tells the truth, and shows it on 'is face. You aren't afraid of work, I 'ope?"

"No, ma'am. A chap must expect to work to make his living."

"I'm glad to 'ear you say that, for I 'ave lots of things for you to do when you aren't hengaged with Mr. Gruffin, 'oo I can truthfully affirm is a perfect gentleman, which I cawn't say of hevery one I 'ave met since I came hover from the other side. When I say I 'ave been haccustomed to the best society, Marster 'Adley, I 'ope you will hunderstand I am not blowin' my hown 'orn, which I consider quite beneath a person of my hattainments. I 'ave testimonials to show. But I won't detain you hany longer, for I see you 'ave the mail, which Mr. Guffin is himpatiently waitin' for I 'ave no doubt. You can leave your luggage in that corner till you are at liberty to be shown to the room you are to hoccupy, which you will find quite comfortable and 'omelike," said Mrs. Caxey, turning away to finish with the cook, who was busy at the range on one side of the large kitchen. Tom walked to the door of the library, knocked and was told to enter.

"Here is the mail, Mr. Guffin," he said.

"Good!" said the man of the house. "Hand me the letters first, then leave the rest of the mail on the table there and report to the housekeeper."

Tom found Mrs. Caxey still in the kitchen.

"Mr. Guffin told me to report to you, ma'am," he said.

The housekeeper went to a back entry door and called Nancy.

"Yes, ma'am," said the little housemaid in the distance.

In a few moments her feet pattered on the back stairs.

"You will show Thomas to 'is room, Nancy," said Mrs. Caxey.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Leave your luggage there and come right downstairs, Thomas. You will 'ave to go hout and get some vegetables for the cook," said the housekeeper.

Tom followed Nancy to the top floor. There were several rooms up there, all furnished but one, which was used to store trunks and such odds and ends as usually go in a garret.

"This is your room," said the little housemaid, opening a door.

It looked pleasant enough, and was equipped with a single bed, a washstand with pitcher, bowl, etc., an old-fashioned small bureau, a chair and a little table. The floor was covered with carpet, and a number of cheap prints hung on the wall. Tom was pleased with his quarters and told Nancy so. She smiled and said she hoped he would stay.

"I guess I'll stay," replied Tom. "I'm not a rolling stone. I rather like Mr. Guffin, but Mrs. Caxey is a curious kind of woman. I dare say she's all right, though."

"Oh, she isn't bad, but she'll make you work."

"I don't object to that for the wages is good, considering board and lodging are thrown in. A fellow can save most of his money, especially when he's away from the town and has only one night off to see the sights. I suppose you have a night off, too?"

"Yes. Wednesday and Sunday afternoon."

"Same as myself. What do you do then?"

"Nothing much. Mend my clothes and make new ones."

"Don't you go to town?"

"No. Ain't got nobody to take me."

"Well, if you're good I'll take you to a show when I get some money."

"Will you? That's nice of you. I'll go."

"All right. Now I've got to return to the kitchen and see what the cook wants."

Five minutes later Tom was in the truck patch inspecting the early vegetables.

CHAPTER III.—The Animated Suit of Armor.

Tom's next job was washing windows on the outside while Nancy washed them on the inside. Then he attended to a variety of chores until he was called to dinner in the kitchen, where he sat down with Nancy and the cook. He found the bill-of-fare plain but substantial, and he had no fault to find with it. In the middle of the afternoon he was summoned to the library, where he wrote a dozen short letters to business firms, requesting either catalogues, specimen copies of weekly or monthly papers, and other things. After that he spent an hour reading all sorts of newspapers, some of them mining journals from Goldfield. Until supper he put in his time in conversation with Mr. Guffin, on all sorts of subjects. The gentleman was anxious to know how well his new boy was up in general knowledge. After supper Tom was summoned again to the library and spent the evening reading an old book on chivalry.

He was quite interested in it himself, for the

chapters he read gave an account of the rescue of a certain virtuous young maiden from the castle of a rascally old baron who had captured her on one of his raids about the country. Her rescuer was a knight errant, young and handsome, who had just returned from one of the crusades started by noble knights and their retainers to recover the holy sepulcher at Jerusalem from the grasp of the Saracen infidels. The reading stopped at an interesting point where the knight, with the fair lady seated behind on his splendid charger, and holding on to her savior for dear life, was being pursued through the mountain passes by the wicked baron and a bunch of his villainous retainers. A furious thunder and lightning storm was raging at the time, and the electrical flashes showed the fugitives their pursuers closing on them. Tom wanted to go on and see how the knight and the lady came out, but Mr. Guffin said he felt sleepy and must go to bed, so Tom went to his room. He emptied his grip into the bureau, one drawer sufficing to hold all of his personal belongings. Having nothing else to occupy his time he went to bed. After breakfast next morning he harnessed the mare to the light wagon and drove to town to get the mail at the post-office. Bob Pettingill was at the window and Tom stopped there.

"I got the job at the villa," he said.

"I thought you would. How do you like it so far?"

"First rate. The pay is fifteen dollars a week with board and lodging."

"That is pretty good. What did you have to do yesterday?"

Tom told him.

"There's quite a bunch of mail in the box this morning, for you didn't call yesterday afternoon."

"I wasn't told to come."

"You say you're off to-night?"

"I don't know about to-night, as I've only just started in, but I expect to be off Sunday afternoon and every Wednesday evening."

"If you get off to-night come here and we'll go to a show."

"I haven't any money to spend yet."

"Never mind that. I'll pay."

"All right. I'll treat next time."

A couple of persons came to buy stamps, so Tom went to box 164, got the mail for his employer and left the post-office. On returning to the villa he carried the mail into the library. Mr. Guffin was looking over a big book full of pictures of rugged Western mountain scenery.

"Thomas, would you like to travel?"

"I wouldn't mind if there was money in it."

"I was thinking of taking a trip West in quest of romantic adventures. The knights and troubadours of old used to travel in search of adventures and they always found them. I regret that the days of chivalry are dead. I would relish nothing better than to go forth armed cap-a-pie, with one trusty servitor like yourself for a companion, to right the wrongs of the unfortunate, rescue lovely maidens from their captors, and see the world generally. Would that my lot had been cast in the Middle Ages! Ah, those were the good old times! My blood thrills when I read about what those gallant knights accomplished," said Mr. Guffin, with a tremor of excitement in his voice.

Tom stared at his employer. Truly he must have wheels in his head to talk that way. The boy was right up-to-date and had no thoughts for the past, particularly the remote past of the Middle Ages, five or six centuries before. Mr. Guffin's enraptured gaze rested on a fine picture of the tournament scene bearing the caption "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," which took place in France when Francis I. was king and he was visited by Henri VIII. of England. It was a great demonstration in honor of the Anglo-French alliance. In the background was the royal box in which the two kings sat, surrounded by youth and beauty in the picturesque costumes of that day, while in the foreground two knights in armor, on horseback, with leveled lances, were rushing at each other in mimic warfare. Mr. Guffin never gazed upon that picture but his weak blood ran quicker through his veins, and his heart beat faster with a pleasurable excitement. Tom couldn't help looking his elderly employer over and wondering what sort of figure he'd cut in a suit of armor, which he surely couldn't move around in. The boy was not entirely ignorant of the conditions that existed in "those good old days."

He had read quite a bit about them, and his idea was that the common people of the present day enjoyed more privileges than even the kings and nobles of those times. And he wasn't wrong either, as any one will learn by reading the subject up. Mr. Guffin lived on the fat land, and was comfortable and happy upon an independent income from gilt-edged bonds left him by his father, and reinvested as occasion required by his bankers, and yet he wasn't contented with his lot. He was like a child who longed for a new toy he had set his mind upon. He had never worked in his life. Everything he wanted came at his beck and call. Long ago he would have bankrupted himself had he been anything of a spendthrift. Fortunately he was frugal in his habits, though he indulged in expensive fads. He was cautious enough, however, never under any circumstances to exceed his annual income. He never married because he did not want to be hampered by a wife. As a bachelor of means he was able to gratify his own wishes without restraint to the extent of his income.

His capital he never touched. Tom made no reply to his employer's speech. He was not in sympathy with it anyway.

"Ah! it is too bad those times are gone forever," sighed the elderly gentleman, removing his eyes from the picture. "Things are vastly different these days. The world is commercialized and full of people who think of nothing but making money. The age of romance and true chivalry is dead. There is one one place in this great country, one peopled only by roving tribes of Indians, where one can go and not rub elbows with somebody every other moment. That is the great West, where nature is still in its original garb; where one may still meet with real robbers, like the bandits of old. Only yesterday I read in a Western newspaper about a band of unwashed ruffians who had previously held up a train somewhere and robbed the express car. What a thrill the passengers of the coach must

have enjoyed to be forced to alight, lined up alongside the road and deprived of their watches and small change. How I would have enjoyed it, for before starting out on the trip through the wilds I would have hidden my money in my shoes, and my watch under the seat of the coach, and they would have found nothing on me."

The speaker chuckled and rubbed his hands runctuously together, eyeing Tom in a peculiar way. Then he called the boy's attention to some of the pictures in the big book, showing nature in its primitive aspect.

"I am thinking of going out to Colorado to breathe the glorious, untainted air of that State, where civilization has scarcely as yet intruded," he said; "but I cannot go alone. I must have a companion on whom I can depend. Will you go with me? The trip will cost you nothing and you shall have double pay."

"If you want me to go I'm with you, Mr. Guffin," said Tom, who thought such a trip would improve his employer's health; "but I hope you won't want to go looking for real bandits."

"Why not? Think of the excitement of meeting with them!" cried Mr. Guffin, enthusiastically.

"I don't see any fun in it, sir. They have a tendency, I've heard, to make thing warm for tenderfeet. They might shoot one of both of us."

"True; that would be awkward," said the gentleman, reflectively. "We had better carry guns ourselves."

"I think we'd need Gatling guns to get away with these chaps."

"Well, we'll continue the subject another time. Sit down and read those letters to me. Then we'll see what's in the newspapers."

The letters were rather uninteresting. Most of them were from firms who had sent catalogues or other literature to Mr. Guffin, hoping they would soon receive an order from him for the goods described. Several made additional inducements to catch the money. One offered twenty per cent. off for a quick order, another offered a premium in addition to the goods. A publishing firm offered an additional set of books without extra charge.

Tom felt satisfied that his employer wanted none of these things, and had no intention of buying them, and he wondered why he put the firms to the expense of postage and printed matter.

"One of his wheels," he thought.

Only one letter attracted Mr. Guffin's attention. It contained a circular describing a new kind of revolver. He looked it over and then dictated a reply for further information. Among the others matters that the mail brought was a map of Colorado issued by a trunk railroad line. The rest of the folder contained the usual information found on such things. Tom was directed to leave that on the desk. There was a daily from Denver, and other papers from different Western towns. Mr. Guffin looked them over, marking some of the advertisements. The gentleman dictated replies covering them all.

"That's all now. You can report to Mrs. Caxey," said Mr. Guffin.

About the middle of the afternoon Tom was called into the hall and directed to take one of

the armored figures apart. Mr. Guffin then put the heavy stuff on Tom until he stood a full-fledged knight, and feeling most uncomfortable, before his employer.

"Walk up and down the hall," said Mr. Guffin.

Tom was a strong, healthy boy, but he had the time of his life getting around with the weighty armor upon his limbs. He did the best he could to be natural, and Mr. Guffin watched him with great satisfaction. He was finally directed to get on the pedestal, which he did with some help from his employer.

"Stand there till I return, Thomas," said Guffin, pulling the visor of the helmet down, and leaving him standing there, greatly to his disgust.

Hardly had the elderly gentleman disappeared into his library when Nancy came into the apparently vacant hall to sweep. Tom saw her and it occurred to him to have some fun at her expense. He uttered a sepulchral groan. It sounded so hollow and weird coming out of the visored helmet that the girl jumped nearly a foot.

"What was that?" she said, looking around in a fearsome way.

Tom groaned again and struck his steel thigh plate with his mailed fist. That settled Nancy. She uttered a scream, dropped the broom and flew for the door she had come in by. At that moment Mrs. Caxey appeared in the doorway and Nancy fell all over her.

"Save me! Save me!" screamed Nancy, hysterically. "It's alive!"

The housekeeper being stout was able to withstand the collision easily.

"For 'eaven's sake, what's the matter with you, Nancy?" she demanded.

"Let me get away, do please. It's alive!" cried the housemaid.

"What's alive? What are you talkin' about?" said Mrs. Caxey.

"That statue over there. That horrible thing in armor."

"What nonsense! 'Ow could it be alive when there's nothin' inside of it?"

"I heard it groan twice, and then it made a noise with its hand. Let me go or I'll faint. I know I shall."

Tom hadn't expected Mrs. Caxey on the scene, so he remained as quiet as a mouse, not wishing to have a run-in with that lady.

"Pick up your broom and go on with your work, miss," said the housekeeper, sharply.

"What! go near that thing again? I couldn't do it," said Nancy.

Mrs. Caxey walked over to the suit of armor which covered Tom and looked at it. It looked all right to her.

"Pick up your broom at once and sweep this hall," she said to the housemaid.

Nancy came over in fear and trembling and recovered the broom. She was afraid if she refused that she might be discharged. She began to sweep and the housekeeper started for the stairs. Tom decided that he'd keep quiet, for he saw that Nancy was scared, and he did not want to throw the girl into a fit. Unfortunately the pedestal had not been built to sustain his weight his addition to the armor. Without the least warning it collapsed, throwing him forward on his face. Nancy gave one shriek and

fainted dead away. The housekeeper turned around on hearing the crash and the scream. To her amazement, not to say, trepidation, she beheld the suit of armor, minus the helmet, squirming on the ground like a thing of life. Then her eyes lighted on Tom's face. She did not recognize the boy, but she became horror-struck at what she took to be the reincarnation of the original owner of the armor.

"It's a happarition!" she cried, and up the stairs she flew like Tam O'Shanter flying from the goblins.

Then Mr. Guffin, startled by the crash and scream, appeared on the scene.

CHAPTER IV.—In Which Tom Argues With His Employer.

"What's happened, Thomas?" said Mr. Guffin, as he hastened to help Tom on his feet, which was no easy job.

"The pedestal gave way and let me down with a run," replied the boy. "Better pick Nancy up. I guess I scared her out of a month's growth."

The rumpus had penetrated to the kitchen and brought the cook to the door to find out what had happened. When she saw the suit of armor with a head sticking out of it she let out a screech and fled, never stopping till she got out in the yard. Mr. Guffin raised Nancy and carried her away into the library, where he laid her on the lounge, then he pushed a button for the housekeeper.

Mrs. Caxey, however, couldn't be induced to descend to the library, for she would have to pass through the hall where, as she supposed, the animated suit of armor still lay. Mr. Guffin pushed the button again and went out in the hall to help Tom off with the armor, which he feared had been dented or otherwise injured by the fall. It was not hurt, however, and was carefully laid against the wall.

"Fetch the cook to attend to the housemaid," he said, "and then carry away the wreck of the pedestal."

Tom found the cook standing at the kitchen door.

"Nancy is in a faint in the library and Mr. Guffin sent me for you to bring her to," said Tom.

"Do yez think I'll go near that hall ag'in wid that spook inside the armor? Not on me faith."

"Don't talk foolish, Mrs. Brannigan. There was no spook inside of the armor. What you saw was me."

"You, is it? Did yez get inside that armor to scare us all? Sure, I didn't think yez was that kind of a b'y. It's disapp'inted in ye I am."

Tom explained that Mr. Guffin was the cause of his being inside the armor.

"He wanted to see the armor walking about like a real knight of the Middle Ages. Then he helped me on the pedestal and told me to wait till he came back, but the stand went down with me and frightened Nancy out of her wits."

"Oh, that's how it was. Sure, I'm glad yez was not up to wan of thim fool tricks that some b'ys delight in."

She hastened to the library while Tom got a

box to put the debris of the stand in. Nancy was revived and told the truth. She came out in the hall and saw Tom disposing of the wreck.

"You frightened me half to death," she told him. "Did you groan because you were smothered in that old armor?"

"We'll let it go at that," said Tom. "I'll make it all right with you."

Order was restored again and after a while the housekeeper came cautiously downstairs and Nancy told her the facts as she understood them. Mrs. Caxey was reassured and a bit ashamed of herself. On the following day as Tom was coming from the post-office with the mail and a case of groceries, he saw the heads of two rough-looking men rise out of the bushes and wave their arms wildly at him, as though warning him back. Ahead he saw an automobile containing two men approaching at a fast clip. Tom supposed the men were calling his attention to the car to get out of the way. He kept right on, but turned off to give the machine room to pass. The men yelled and there came a terrible explosion, almost under the horse. A startled cry escaped the boy as he pitched over backward from the shaken wagon seat. Instantly the air was filled with smoke and gas. The mare plunged and kicked wildly and then broke into a wild run down the road, narrowly escaping a collision with the car, which the man driving it had almost brought to a standstill on seeing the explosion. The two rough men had disappeared. The bomb, for such it had been, made a big hole in the road, and after an inspection of the surroundings, the car proceeded on its way.

"I am afraid that was intended for us," said one of the men to his companion. "We are carrying a large sum of money to the Milltown Bank, and I wouldn't be surprised if some rascals planted that bomb to wreck the car and kill us so they could get possession of the money. We must report this affair to the police. I hope the boy wasn't hurt, for his coming probably saved us."

Tom was badly shaken up but not hurt much, and he managed to stop the terrified mare before he got to the villa.

"That must have been a bomb," he said to himself. "Why should it have been there in the middle of the road? And those men I saw—were they at the bottom of it? It could hardly have been put there to blow me and the wagon up. Maybe it was the men in the auto they were after. Well, I got the benefit of the shock, and I guess I was in luck to escape something worse."

The mare was almost a wreck when Tom drove her into the vard. He spent some time soothing her startled nerves and then led her into the barn, carried the mail into the library and told Mr. Guffin what had happened. His employer expressed his surprise and said the police ought to be notified.

"I guess the men in the car will report the matter," said Tom.

"Was the mare hurt?"

"No, sir; only frightened. She had a narrow escape, though."

"You had a fortunate escape. You and the rig might have been blown to bits."

"Yes, sir. It was one of those romantic adventures that go better in theory than in prac-

tice," said Tom, hoping his employer would see the hint.

Whether the hint made any impression on Mr. Guffin it was impossible to say. Tom assisted his employer with his correspondence and then went about his other duties, which kept him well employed up to the time he was called to dinner. A week passed away and Tom gave great satisfaction at the villa. Every day Mr. Guffin had something to say about the probability of going to Colorado, and every evening the boy read a chapter or two in the book on chivalry. The little gentleman and Tom got into lengthy discussions about the "good old times" of the Middle Ages, as Mr. Guffin called them. Tom insisted that human nature was just the same in those times as it was to-day, only there were less people in the world. People possessed by money and influence were arrogant and proud, and lorded it over the common herd, who were humble because they didn't dare call their souls their own.

"You have a nice house here, sir, with everything you want to eat and amuse yourself with," said Tom, one evening. "Suppose time suddenly went backward and you found yourself in the Middle Ages, would you not miss the advantages you enjoy to-day?"

"No. I would be a knight, with money enough to enjoy life. I'd travel around the country, mix with brave men like myself and fair dames whose smiles I would win by my prowess in tournaments and other exhibitions. Then when I grew weary of such easy times I'd take a faithful servitor, like yourself, and travel into other countries in quest of romantic adventures."

"And real robbers," added Tom, with a grin. "You'd travel on horseback, I suppose, like the knights in this book?"

"Certainly."

"And it would take you all day to cover as much ground as a fast express does nowadays in half an hour, or an hour at the most."

"What of that? What do you see riding in a railroad train? Everything flashes past like a fleeting panorama. On horse-back, riding leisurely, you see everything on either side, and you enjoy every moment of the trip. Give me the old way."

"Well, let it go at that. But at home you would have no library of books like you have here. Printing wasn't invented till the middle of the fifteenth century, and it was a mighty long time after before there were many books to be had. And they must have cost a lot of money, too. How much did this work on chivalry cost you. You got it second-hand, for it's nearly a hundred years old."

"I got it from a dealer in England. It cost me about \$5."

"I don't think it's worth over fifty cents."

"It's rare. There may not be a dozen of them in existence, with good paper and printing, for half the money."

"I wouldn't have it. I prefer old books. I like to handle works that were published before printing got so common as it is to-day. Who knows what distinguished Englishman originally purchased this book? I consider it a treasure worth having. I have several English newspa-

pers printed 150 years ago. It is a pleasure to pore over them."

"I'll bet they didn't have much news in them."

"No. People didn't care for news so much in those days."

"You mean they didn't worry over what they couldn't get. If France declared war against Germany to-day all England, not to speak of this country, would know it in a few minutes. How long would it have taken the news in those days to have got as far as London, with no cable or telegraph to carry it in a second's time across the Channel?"

"Several days probably; but the people were accustomed to wait for news until it reached them."

"I notice that you like me to read you all the news of the world as printed in the Milltown Morning News. That's the first thing you ask me to go over. Suppose telegraphy was unknown, and news came as slowly as it did 150 years ago, how long would the intelligence I read to you this morning about the disgusted Russian author who was condemned to Siberia yesterday in Petrograd, take in reaching Milltown? Six months, maybe."

"True," nodded Mr. Guffin; "but if news came slow I would be accustomed to have it that way."

"But," persisted Tom, "isn't it an advantage in every way to have things as they are than as they used to be in the Middle Ages? There wasn't any steam heat or even such a thing as a stove in the royal palaces then. There wasn't any electric light, or gas, or even kerosene oil in those times. There weren't any watches, or regular clocks, to tell the time in a moment by. There were not even forks to eat with. And if you had a decayed tooth could you get it filled even if you were the king of England? The Middle Ages might have been all right for the people who lived in those times, and didn't dream of what was coming, but for us, Mr. Guffin, we have no use for that period."

"I admit the justice of your remarks, Thomas, and I am pleased to observe the intelligent way in which you sum the subject up, but the past has attractions for me I cannot get over."

"That's all right, but you enjoy the advantage of the present. You have money and can afford to dream as much as you like; but it's different with me. I have got to be up to the minute to earn a living."

"Well, well, we won't continue the subject to-night. Did you finish that chapter?"

"Yes, sir. The author left Sir Ronald, the hero, in the very interesting situation of being slowly drowned in a dungeon below the castle's moat. The water was running in through a small hole at the top, and there was no outlet for it to escape. The only exit from the dungeon was through a trapdoor in the ceiling, supposed to be fastened. The next chapter may show how he escaped."

"How do you think he escaped?" smiled Mr. Guffin.

"I don't know, but if I was the author I'd let the hero swim or tread water till the rise carried him within reach of the trap, then I'd have the heroine suddenly appear, torch in hand, open the trap and help him out."

"But the castle is full of armed men. How would he get away?"

"I could mention several ways. It is easy for the author to get his hero out of trouble."

"Well, we'll see to-morrow night if we resume the story. It is time to go to bed now."

That was Tom's signal to withdraw and he did. It wasn't often Tom dreamed, but that night he had a vision of a polar sea about which he was floating on a raft, and the cold was intense. In the midst of his dream he woke up and shivered. The night was chilly and a cold draft blew across his head and shoulders. He sat up and saw that his window was wide open. As he hadn't left it so he wondered how it came to be that way. Then he heard a muffled cry for help somewhere downstairs.

CHAPTER V.—The Burglars.

"There's something wrong," thought Tom, springing out of bed.

He shut down his window and, opening his door, listened. He heard nothing. The corridor was dark and silent. Pulling on his trousers and stockings he went slowly down the stairs to the floor below. Mr. Guffin occupied the large front room, his bed being in an alcove, while the housekeeper's room was a back one on the same floor. The corridor here was also dark and silent. Tom listened at the foot of the garret stairs, but heard no sound. Nevertheless he was satisfied that somebody had entered the house through his window, which though at the top of the house, was accessible by way of the stout limb of a huge oak tree which leaned against the wall under the roof. The fact that his window had been opened was more than suspicious. Anyway, he determined to make an investigation. He tried the door of Mr. Guffin's room and found it ajar. He looked in and listened, expecting to hear his employer's breathing. Not hearing it, he went over to the alcove. The bed was empty and the clothes thrown back, which showed that the elderly gentleman had left his couch for some reason. Tom guessed he had heard a noise in his library, where his safe was, and had gone down there to look into it. All the windows on the ground floor were protected at night by heavy iron shutters, secured by movable inside bars that prevented them from being forced even by a crowbar. Without a ladder the second floor windows could not be reached.

The only feasible mode of entrance was by way of the oak tree and Tom's window. Mr. Guffin never dreamed that a burglar would think of that route, but it is the unexpected which usually happens. Tom made his way softly downstairs. The door of the library stood partly open, and the boy heard a sound inside. He looked cautiously in. Two rough-looking men were at the safe, working on it with their tools. A dark lantern rested on the end of the table and threw its gleam full on the face of the safe. At one side, in the gloom of the room, Tom saw the figure of Mr. Guffin, attired in his pajamas, bound to his pivot chair and gagged. The whole situation was clear.

There were two burglars in the house, and the owner having heard them, or in some way having

had his suspicions aroused, had gone to the library and been overpowered. The question was what could Tom do? The two crooks were doubtless armed, and would make short work of him if he interfered. The villa had no telephone connection with Milltown, being too far away for the owner to get on a public line, and as Mr. Guffin had little use for the telephone anyway, he would not go to the expense of a private line. So he was cut off from outside help in the present emergency. Nothing short of a revolver was of any use, and Tom wondered if his employer had one in his room. The only way to find out was to go to his room and look for the article. He retraced his steps to the floor above and felt under Mr. Guffin's pillows.

There was no revolver in that place. Then it occurred to Tom that Mr. Guffin, if he had a pistol, would have taken it downstairs with him. If he had done so, it was clear that he had had no chance to use it. Locking around the room, which the boy had never entered before, he made out a ghostly-looking figure standing in the corner. His first impression was that a third burglar was up there ransacking the room, but on second thought, observing that the figure did not move, he judged that he was wrong in his surmise, for the man had there been one in the room, would have attacked him at once. There was a fine bronze lamp on the table and Tom went over to it, keeping his eyes on the figure. He felt around for matches and his fingers rested on several. Striking a match he held it up and saw that the figure was a suit of armor, complete in all its details, the mailed fist grasping the handle of a battle-axe. Tom lighted the lamp. On the wall were a number of old-fashioned weapons, crossed behind shields of burnished steel.

The furniture was all built upon antique models, and looked stiff and uncomfortable. Tom stepped over with the partly formed intention of taking the battle-axe and attacking the men with it, trusting to luck and the effects of a surprise. Then something in the corner behind the suit of armor caught his eye. It was a modern Remington rifle. If loaded it was worth all the battle-axes in the world. Tom grasped it and examined the magazine. With such a weapon, and plenty of ammunition, one man, posted in a narrow mountain pass, could hold an army of Middle Age warriors at bay. Tom didn't think about that. He was figuring on what he could do to the brace of crooks in the library with that weapon. Downstairs he went, walked into the room, and covering the rascals, cried:

"Throw up your hands!"

They were taken by surprise, but instead of obeying, one reached for his revolver, while the other threw his hat at the dark-lantern, knocking it off the table. Tom fired at the fellow who was drawing his gun. The bullet struck him on his wrist as he was cocking his weapon, and he dropped it with a cry of pain. The report echoed through the house and awakened the housekeeper and the cook. Although the lantern lay on the floor, its light shot upward and showed the men even plainer than before.

"Throw up your hands!" cried Tom again, "or it will be your turn next," as he menaced the other chap.

To hasten his movements and make sure of arousing the women above, Tom fired at the fellow, taking care not to hit him. The bullet smashed one of the glass of the library shelves and probably burrowed its way through a couple of the books.

"Here, don't shoot!" begged the man, raising both arms.

"Back up against the safe, both of you!" ordered the boy.

Fearing he would fire again, they hastened to obey his command.

"That's right. This is a magazine Remington, and it carries a ball big enough to let daylight clear through your bodies. I don't want to kill either of you, but if you take a step forward it will be your own funeral."

Tom stepped to the wall and pressed the button which communicated with the housekeeper's room. The women, however, were badly frightened, and Mrs. Caxey was afraid to come down. Tom pushed the button again two or three times. That fetched her down in a wrapper.

"For 'eaven's sake, what's 'appened?" she cried in an agitated tone outside the library door.

"Come in here, Mrs. Caxey. Mr. Guffin is bound and gagged in his chair. I want you to release him," said Tom.

"Is that you, Thomas?" said the trembling housekeeper.

"Yes."

"Cawn't you release 'im yourself?"

"No, I can't. I have to watch these two men."

"Mrs. Caxey ventured inside, and then she saw the figures of the crooks dimly visible against the safe, and beyond the light cast by the dark lantern. She uttered a gasp and did not dare take another step.

"'ho are these men?" she faltered.

"They're burglars," said Tom.

That produced a smothered shriek from the housekeeper.

"'ow did they get in?"

"They got in all right. Come here and pick up that lantern and the revolver."

Mrs. Caxey declared that she was frightened to death and couldn't do it.

"Look here, Mrs. Caxey, are you going to leave your employer in the state he is? I've got to keep these rascals from making their escape."

"Where is 'e?"

"Over there in the chair."

"Is 'e tied?"

"Yes, he's tied, and gagged, too. Run into the kitchen and get a carving-knife."

The housekeeper hurried away to get the article. While she was away it occurred to Tom to push the table in front of the crooks, and so wedge them in between that and the safe. This he did, watching the men warily. This move enabled him to pull the lantern over with one of his feet. He stooped and picked it up, and turned its beam of light full on the men. Mrs. Caxey returned with the sharp bread knife.

"Now release Mr. Guffin," said Tom.

Seeing that the burglars were safely trapped, Mrs. Caxey recovered her courage and made her way over to her employer. She first relieved him of the gag and then of his bonds. Mr. Guffin got up.

"We must get the police, Thomas," he said.

"We'll attend to that after we secure these rascals, sir. Get some clothes-line, Mrs. Caxey."

The housekeeper hastened to get it. While Tom held the burglars under the muzzle of the rifle, Mr. Guffin tied the arms of the wounded man to his side, and the other chap's arms behind his back.

"Tie the left foot of one of them to the other's right foot," said Tom, "and carry the rope up around their legs."

Tom handed the rifle and the revolver to Mr. Guffin and told him he was going upstairs to dress himself. When he got into his clothes, he went to the barn and harnessed the mare to the light wagon.

Then he drove into town to the station-house, where he told the police what had happened at the villa. He brought two officers out with him. They hustled the burglars into the wagon, and Tom drove back to town again. He made the charge against the crooks and they were locked up. Tom then returned to the villa.

CHAPTER VI.—In Colorado.

Tom found Mr. Guffin waiting for him.

"You have done me a fine service, Thomas, and to prove that I am not ungrateful for it, here is \$100."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom, taking the money.

"Now tell me, did you hear me call for help?" said Mr. Guffin.

"I did, though, I did not know exactly what the sound was. If I hadn't woke up a few minutes before, I wouldn't have heard it. And I don't believe I would have woke up if the rascals hadn't left my window open after they entered the house."

"Is that the way they got in? I have looked at every door and window on the first and second floors and could find no evidence to show how the burglars entered. How could they have got in at the top of the house?"

"Easily, by way of the oak tree. One of the branches extends under the eaves. I think you ought to have a part of that branch sawed off early next spring. As it stands it's an easy route to my room."

Tom then told him how he came downstairs to investigate, and after finding that he was not in his room, had descended to the library, where he saw the burglars at work on the safe. He explained how he returned to Mr. Guffin's room to look for a revolver and how he had found the rifle behind the suit of armor. Armed with that, he had gone back to the library, with the result his employer was acquainted with.

"You're a boy of courage, Thomas. It was a case of brains against brawn, and you came out ahead. You will make an excellent companion if we go to Colorado. The bandits, if we should meet with any, are not likely to have much advantage over us. I think we can retire in peace for the rest of the night."

Mr. Guffin dismissed Tom, who returned to his room, got into bed, and was soon fast asleep. On the following morning Mr. Guffin, accompanied by Tom and Mrs. Caxey, drove to Milltown in the buggy, and appeared at the magistrate's

court. The two crooks were brought to the bar. They pleaded not guilty, but the testimony against them was so conclusive that they were held for trial, and returned to their cells. Two days later Mr. Guffin announced to Tom that he had decided to start for the wilds of Colorado, via Denver, and that he was to be his companion on the trip. Tom had no objection to go, particularly as he was to receive double pay while he and his employer were away from home. All he was afraid of was that Mr. Guffin would take too many chances in his quest for romantic adventures.

He believed that an elderly gentleman, whose health was far from rugged, ought to keep to the beaten track, and not go out of his way to look for trouble. He hinted as much when Mr. Guffin outlined his plans.

"One would think you were afraid to venture on this trip, Thomas," smiled his employer; "but that cannot be after the exhibition of pluck you gave the other night in handling those two rascals."

"That's all right, sir. I had the law behind me, and it was my duty to capture those crooks, since they had not the shadow of right to be in the house, without mentioning the way they had treated you. I'm not afraid to go anywhere with you, but as you don't look strong, and are no longer young; I don't think you ought to take the chances you are thinking of doing. If we go off the regular track of travel, we'll have to carry food to last us for several days. And then we are liable to get lost, which would be a serious thing."

"I never heard of the knights of old getting lost, though I've read of them traveling for days over unfrequented stretches of country," said Mr. Guffin.

"They were young and strong, and accustomed to roughing it."

"We are often likely to lose our bearings, I'll admit, but there are mining camps all over the State, and we are bound to run across one in the course of a day's journey."

"I don't know that we would. In such a wild and woolly country we might pass within half a mile of a camp and not see it."

"We will carry a mule loaded with provisions, enough to last us for a month, so, if we failed to find a camp for several days it wouldn't matter."

Tom advanced other arguments, but they had no effect on Mr. Guffin. He was determined to follow his own ideas, which had evidently been simmering in his brain for a long time, and Tom gave it up. The villa was to be left in Mrs. Caxey's charge, and Mr. Guffin gave her sufficient money to pay all expenses during the time he expected to be away. The elderly gentleman packed a small trunk with such articles as he thought he'd need, and got a light and handy suitcase for Tom. The boy said he thought they ought to buy a rough suit each at Denver, so that when they got into the wilds they would look less like tenderfeet. Mr. Guffin agreed with him, and said that when they reached Denver they would make their final purchases, which was to include a revolver each and plenty of ammunition. The gentleman was bent at first on taking his Remington, and buying another for

Tom, but the boy persuaded him to give that idea up as he felt sure it would make them conspicuous.

Tom had an idea that Mr. Guffin's medieval ideas would get a rude jolt as soon as he struck the rough districts, and he hoped the jolt would put some sense into his head. The day of departure arrived at last, and they took the train at Milltown for Denver via other cities along the route. Their trip to the chief city and capital of Colorado was devoid of incident. They traveled in Pullmans, and both enjoyed every moment of the journey. When they reached Denver, Mr. Guffin put up at a first-class hotel, and though Tom was an humble employee of his, he was treated as an equal. The fact was, the elderly gentleman, now that he was away from home, and up against different conditions than he had been accustomed to, began to feel a certain amount of helplessness which he wouldn't acknowledge, even to himself, and he regarded the self-reliant lad and plucky lad as his right bower.

Tom transacted all the business. Mr. Guffin merely financing things. He looked to Tom to see that everything went right. As soon as the boy saw that his employer was leaning upon him, he began to see his way toward dissuading Mr. Guffin from undertaking any visionary and romantic adventure that was likely to get them into trouble. During their stay in Denver, Tom went around picking up all the information he could about the region they were about to enter. He learned where the principal mining camps were, the safest routes to follow, where the railroads ran to, the stage routes, and a host of other knowledge that he regarded as absolutely essential for them to become acquainted with in advance. Mr. Guffin had planned to purchase horses at Denver and begin his trip in search of romantic scenery and adventure from the city. Tom objected to that programme, saying that they had better go as far as possible by rail.

"But I didn't come out here to ride around in a railroad car," protested the elderly gentleman. "I want to see the country in a leisurely way."

"We'll go to Silver Plume by rail, about fifty miles from here, and then take to horseback over the mountains, following the stage route to the Lost River mining camp and other camps in that direction. I have learned something about the country in that direction, and I advise you to let me plan your route."

"Very well, Thomas, I suppose I have to yield, but you are upsetting the arrangement I had marked out for myself."

"You don't expect to travel over the whole State, do you?"

"Certainly not; but you know I wish to see nature as——"

"You'll see all the nature you want after we leave Silver Plume in your own way. If I were going to the Lost River camp, or any other, I'd go by stage where I could. You can always get a horse if you have the price. Come down to the bank and buy a draft on the Silver Plume National Bank. You can deposit it when you get there and start an account. It is prudent for you to carry much real money with you, though I haven't heard that there are any bandits in that direction. Traveling as you

propose to do on horseback, we don't need much money."

Tom had his way, as he expected to. Instead of buying rough outfits at Denver, he put that off till they got to Silver Plume, which he regarded as their real starting point, and the base of their operations. Whatever the boy said went with his employer, who realized that he was out of his element, and was forced to rely upon his young companion. When Tom advanced plans that he didn't like, he put up a protest, but in the end the boy came out on top. Tom was practical and business-like, while Mr. Guffin was full of hare-brained ideas that amounted to nothing. The boy intended that his employer should get as broad a view of the country as was compatible with safety. He believed it was his duty to protect the elderly gentleman from trouble, for he saw that his employer was as inefficient as a child now that he was out in what was to him an entirely new world.

This part of the country was just as new to Tom himself, but he felt equal to facing any emergency that might crop up, and he sensibly tried to meet such emergencies half way by providing against them. So they left Denver early one morning, and in an hour and a half landed at Silver Plume. This was a town of less than a thousand inhabitants, but it was full of pride and claimed to have all city improvements. At any rate, the streets were lighted by electricity; and a trolley line ran along the main thoroughfare, and the hotel at which they registered had everything in the way of convenience that could be expected there. The country round about looked settled, but one could see a great mountain range to the west. Tom lost no time in adding to his fund of information about the mining country beyond. He found that a trip to the Lost River mining camp would carry them through virgin solitudes that ought to satisfy some of Mr. Guffin's craving for nature in its original aspect. It took the stage about three hours to cover the distance, and Tom figured they ought to do as well on horseback. He saw no necessity for them to carry any food outside of a cold lunch. When he stated things to his employer, that gentleman protested that three hours or so was too short a trip between points. He wanted Tom to pick out a less frequented route, but the boy wouldn't, and so he threw up his hands, and let things go.

They bought easy-fitting clothes for roughing it, and when dressed in them, looked very like the general run of miners and prospectors who came and went day after day by stage or on horseback. At Tom's suggestion they had their pictures taken in their outfits and left directions with the photographer to mail them to the villa. On the morning of the second day, their preparations being complete, they left Silver Plume, well mounted, on the heels of the stage, bound for the Lost River camp.

CHAPTER VII.—The Storm and the Thunderbolt.

The morning soon left them behind, as Mr. Guffin insisted on riding slowly.

"Ah, the life!" cried the elderly gentleman,

enthusiastically, as they struck the foothills, with not a sign of life around them.

"I'm glad you like it, sir; but after you have ridden a couple of hours I guess you'll be glad to stop and rest."

"Not I, Thomas. I could ride all day along this road. Were I but clad in armor, with lance in rest, and you attired in the plain habiliments of an humble attendant, mounted on a donkey of low stature, I could fancy myself the famous Don Quixote, traveling to right the wrongs of the world. He was but a creature of a great author's fancy, and yet he represented a type of the knight errant. Now that we have left civilization, as it were, behind, I feel like a new being. My years seem to fall away from me, and—oh, pshaw! here comes a wagon train into sight. Are we to meet somebody at every turn, even out here in the solitudes?"

The train in question was a string of wagons laden with ore bound for the smelters at Silver Plume. They were drawn by stoical-looking mules, at a jog trot, and urged on by teamsters with long whips, which they cracked with reports like pistol shots. The train passed them in a cloud of dust, the teamsters looking curiously at Tom and his companion. Three hours after leaving Silver Plume they stopped under the shade of a big tree to eat their lunch.

"We ought to be getting near the Lost River camp," said Tom.

"I shall be sorry to reach it," said Mr. Guffin, gazing around upon the wild and romantic mountain scenery that met his gaze on every side.

For an hour they had not met a human being, and were well up in the range. Right ahead of them the road led into a ravine, and there they were to face a difficulty which Tom's foresight had not covered. The road to the Lost River camp branched off to the right along the edge of a precipice, while another road forked in and continued on to a small camp fifteen miles away, though the road dwindled down to a rough trail a mile or so from the fork.

"Aren't you tired riding?" said Tom in reply to his employer. "You're not used to it."

"Tired? Not at all. I am enjoying every moment of this horseback trip."

"We'll have to lay over a day or two at the camp, for I'll bet you'll be too sore when you get there to continue on."

"I don't believe it," said the elderly gentleman. "I never felt better in my life than I do at this moment."

They finished their lunch, rested a while longer, then remounted their horses and entered the ravine. When they came to the junction of the two roads they reined in.

"Which are we to take, Thomas?" asked Mr. Guffin.

"I should say the one straight ahead. The other probably leads off to some other camp."

"It really makes little difference to us which camp we reach," said the gentleman.

"I don't know about that, sir," said Tom. "The Lost River camp is only a short distance away, and it is the one we aimed for. The other camp may be miles away, and we are not prepared to travel a long distance. Remember, we haven't anything in the way of food except our lunch."

"We should have done so, Thomas. I was willing to provide enough food for a week, and would have bought a mule to carry it, but you talked me out of it. I am afraid I did wrong in not insisting on providing ourselves with enough to eat against emergencies."

"No, sir. I was wrong in not securing full information about this stage road. The clerk of the hotel told me that we could not miss our way, as the road went straight to the Lost River camp. I took his word for it, and now we're in a fix by reason of this fork."

"If he said the road went straight on, then we had better go straight ahead."

"I guess we'd better."

So they rode into the branch, believing it would land them at their destination. Tom noticed that the road grew worse as they proceeded. But for the ruts made by wagons that had come that way, and which he took for the track of the coach, he would have suspected they were really on the wrong track. They continued to ascend the range.

As they went on, the sunshine, which had heretofore accompanied them from Silver Plume, died out, and the distant sound of thunder reached their ears. Tom looked up and saw that clouds were piling up in the sky from the direction they had come.

"We'd better get a hustle on, Mr. Guffin," he said. "A thunderstorm is coming after us, and we want to reach the camp before it can overtake us. It wouldn't be pleasant to be caught by a storm in these wilds with no shelter but the trees in sight."

The gentleman agreed with him, and they increased their pace to a rapid trot. Tom began to think it was high time they came in view of the camp. As he had been told it was down in a pocket of the range, and they were still going upward, he knew they had some distance to go yet. According to his calculations, though, he figured they had covered enough ground to bring them close to it. The storm came on fast, and their prospects began to look dubious. The air was darkening fast. The dark masses of clouds were rent by red streaks of forked lightning, giving a lurid tinge to the mountain sides at intervals. They could barely see the road now, which had become a mere trail, widened by the wagon ruts. A critical inspection of the ruts would have shown that they had not been lately made.

A wagon had not passed that way for nearly a month. The thunder peals became more frequent, and the crashes were echoed from peak to peak of the range. The lightning also had become more intense, illuminating the deep twilight that had enveloped the rugged scene. So far, however, there was no wind, but Tom knew it was coming, and that it would be some wind when it reached them. He hoped Mr. Guffin was getting his fill of a romantic situation. They were traveling through a wide gorge now. They did not know that they had missed the trail in the darkness and confused illumination of the lightning. The trail did not go through the gorge, but turned off before reaching it. Rounding a corner of a rocky projection they found their path narrowed down to almost a yard, the lightning showing a fathomless precipice almost at the feet of their horses, with a wide open space

of unknown depth extending to the opposite mountain-side.

To be caught there by the wind that might burst upon them at any moment was to invite certain destruction. In order to return they would have to back their animals. Tom, who was in the lead, halted. He shuddered as he looked into the depth of the awful chasm. Another flash showed him that the rocky shelf only ran a short distance, terminating at a dark, cavernous hole. It struck him that they could probably find shelter in that hole from the storm, and it looked high enough to take in their horses.

"We must alight and lead the animals along this shelf," he said. "Shall I help you off, sir?"

Mr. Guffin said nothing. He looked pale and unnerved by the terrible situation they were in. Tom helped him off his horse.

"Hug the rocky wall and lead your horse. There is no danger if you keep your wits about you. Look straight ahead and not downward," said the boy.

Tom started on with his horse following, and his employed followed, with limbs that trembled under him. They reached a wider spot facing the hole. Tom struck a match and flashed the light into the dark place. It was a cave with jagged roof and sides, and offered complete shelter from the elements. Barely had they entered with the horses when the storm burst over the range with terrific energy. The wind swept through the gorge and escaped into the open space beyond with a rushing sound, and a moment or two afterward the rain came down in a deluge. The thunder crashed and reverberated like salvos of giant artillery, while the lightning came in oft-repeated flashes, illuminating the mountain-sides in a weird way. It was very like a picture from Dante's *Inferno*. The horses were restive amid the uproar, and had to be held lest they dash out of the entrance to their death a thousand feet below. Barring a chance thunderbolt hitting the rock above the cave, Tom and Mr. Guffin were safe from the storm. Neither the furious wind nor the pelting rain could reach them.

"We were fortunate, after all, in missing the trail and coming this way," said Tom. "Had we gone on by the road, we would be drenched to the skin and exposed to all the fury of the storm. I don't think this will last long. When it is over, we will get back to the road and go on. I am afraid, though, that we took the wrong road at the fork. It might be advisable to retrace our way and take the other road. I don't believe the coach comes this way."

"Do as you please," said Mr. Guffin, who felt as helpless as a chip upon the tide of a rapid flowing river.

"Can you hold both horses, sir? I should like to see how deep this cave is."

"Yes, I think I can," replied his employer.

Tom lighted another match and penetrated the back part of the cave. It was long and narrow, more like a deep crevice in the rock than a cave. It turned inward, and as he followed it he lost sight of Mr. Guffin. The sixth match brought him to the rocky wall that formed the back. Here in the recesses of a niche he came upon a gruesome sight that startled him not a little, for the discovery was unexpected. It was the skeleton

of a man, hunched up against the rock. Patches of a red shirt, and a jacket, as well as trousers, clung to the bones. From the knees down the legs were lost in a pair of long boots.

From the tools that lay close by, Tom decided that the unknown skeleton had been a prospector and miner. One thing that attracted Tom's eye was a small tin box. He picked it up and shook it. There was a rattle of hard objects inside.

"I guess I'll take charge of this and see what's in it," said the boy.

Having penetrated into the cave as far as he could go, Tom turned around and returned to Mr. Guffin and the horses. The storm was at its height, and terrifying in its intensity. Feeling secure in the cave, Tom was not greatly bothered by the terrific uproar of the elements; but it was different with his employer. He was nervous and upset by the storm, for he was naturally timid, although when things were running smoothly he imagined himself brave, and he was afraid of thunder and lightning. He had never experienced such a fierce storm in his life, and it unnerved him all the more to be caught in it in such a wild and lonesome region. Tom asked him if he was nervous on account of the storm.

"Not at all; not at all," replied Mr. Guffin, in a quavering tone. "It is an awful one. Hark to that crash! See how brilliant the lightning is! Do you think we are safe here?"

"Why not? We have a solid roof and walls about us. I think we are safer than in an ordinary building."

"But a thunderbolt might bury us in the ruins of this place."

"Not one chance in a hundred, sir."

"I'm not so certain of that."

"How long do you suppose this cave has been here?"

"I couldn't guess. Maybe hundreds of years."

"Perhaps since the mountain range itself was formed, thousands of years ago. This isn't the first storm of its kind that has kicked up a racket hereabouts, nor the first this summer. I'll bet thousands of storms have swept over this range. Is there any evidence in this cave that it was ever hit by a thunderbolt?"

"None that I can see."

"I have looked it all over and I am certain nothing of the kind has ever happened."

"But it might happen at any time," insisted Mr. Guffin.

"Not while we are here. It is foolish for you to worry. If I were worth a million, I'd bet every cent of it against a thousand that this cave will not be——"

His words were cut short by a blinding flash and a crash that stunned both of them. The concussion stretched them upon the ground. The mountain itself seemed crumbling and falling around them. The air was full of blue flame, and chaos appeared to have come again. It was an awful moment, but neither Tom nor Mr. Guffin were conscious of it all. They lay senseless where they had fallen.

Several hours elapsed before Tom was able to sit up and collect his thoughts. His eyes rested upon Mr. Guffin, stretched close by who was just coming to. In the meantime Tom had made an examination of the cave and found that the skeleton had shaved off a piece of the ledge,

which had fallen and completely blocked up the passage by which they had entered the cave. He also related all about the skeleton and the tin box. By this time Mr. Guffin was able to sit up and he signified his intention of looking at the skeleton. Telling Tom to lead him to the place where the skeleton had been, Tom did so, but was amazed when they both found not the skeleton, but a deep hole in the floor of the cavern where the grewsome sight had been.

Evidently the shock of the thunderbolt had opened up a hole, and the skeleton had fallen into it. The question now was how to get out of the cave. After walking some distance they saw daylight. Hastening on, they came out of the cave and pushed ahead in the endeavor to find the Lost River Camp. After a while the two were astonished to see a light. Going forward they found it to be from a roadhouse. After eating a meal here they were informed that the Lost River Camp was about ten miles ahead. Making arrangements to put up there for the night, they entered a large room and made themselves at home. The room was also occupied by a young fellow, about Tom's age, attired in city clothes, seated by the fire. Getting into conversation with the young man, he told them the following story:

"Myself and the assistant cashier of the First National Bank of Silver Plume were sent to Eureka with \$25,000 in banknotes to deliver to the bank there. The coach was held up, and as we were the only passengers, we were told to get out. We pulled our guns and during the scrimmage which followed I made my escape, and here I am."

"Did they get the money?"

"No. Mr. Jones, the cashier, had slipped me the package just as we were held up and I have it with me."

At this juncture the proprietor brought supper for three into the room; after eating their meal they were shown to their rooms. As soon as Tom and Mr. Guffin had entered the room Tom proceeded to open the tin box he had found with the skeleton. Sheridan was present at the time. When the box was opened, several specimens of rich gold quartz were inside together with a letter which read as follows:

"To the person who finds this—I'm dying in this cave from an injury. I have a daughter named Jessie in Springdale, Illinois. To her and the man who finds this box I bequeath jointly my claim I have marked out near Yuba Dam. The specimens in the box will show how rich it is. As you have found this paper I will trust to you to deal justly with my little daughter Jessie."

"John Milverton."

CHAPTER VIII.—In the Hands of the Bandits.

"What does the paper say?" asked Sheridan.

Before Tom could answer there was a rush of horses' hoofs on the road outside. The sounds came to a stop outside the building. Tom sprang to the window and looked out. He saw half a dozen rough-looking horsemen dismounting. It struck him these were the bandits after his com-

panion. He called Sheridan over and pointed out of the window.

"Great Scott! They are the bandits, and they are after me and the money. Where shall I hide it?"

"You haven't time to do anything," said Tom. "You should have hidden it outside."

"That's right. I was a fool not to have done so. Now all is lost."

"I don't know. Maybe I can help you out of your scrape."

"How? If you can save the money you will earn my eternal gratitude."

"It is a case of brains against brawn. I must fool them. Take the package of money out of your pocket. Now throw your jacket and hat on that chair. Don't hesitate. This is no time to ask questions. Do as I tell you. Now take my hat and jacket and get into the bed I was to occupy. Take the tin box with the specimens and keep them for me. If the rascals carry me off by mistake for you. I leave Mr. Guffin in your care. Look out for him. Lest the scheme should miss fire, hide the package in Mr. Guffin's bed, as he won't be suspected of having it. Now get out quickly and softly, for the fellows are in the room downstairs talking to the proprietor."

Sheridan left the room on his tiptoes and Tom was alone to face the issue he had planned in order to save the money of the Silver Plume National Bank from falling into the hands of the men below, who he was satisfied were after it. He pulled off his right shoe and then his sock. He shoved the dead prospector's note into the latter, and then resumed his foot gear, for he regarded the note as too valuable to be lost. There was an old newspaper lying on a shelf. Tom folded it up to the size of the money package, tied it with a piece of string, tore the lining of Sheridan's jacket just enough to admit of pushing the packet inside, pinned up the rent and put the jacket on. Then he shoved the cot-bed against the door, which possessed no fastening. This was only a bluff, for he knew the door could easily be forced. By this time he heard several footsteps on the stairs. He threw up the window, got out and dropped to the ground. He did not expect to escape, for he saw a man on the watch in front. Hardly had he hit the ground when he was seized by a pair of arms.

"Thought you'd get away, eh?" chuckled the fellow who had him. "You can't work us twice that way on the same night, young fellow. Come now, hand over that money package."

"What are you talking about? Let me go. I don't know you."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the rascal. "Don't know me, eh? I know you, though."

At that moment a man looked out of the window above.

"Have you got him, Jim?" he asked.

"Bet your life I have," replied the man.

"See if he's got the money package."

"He's got it. I can feel it in his pocket."

"Good. Hold him till we get down."

The four rascals who had gone upstairs soon appeared from the house. The leader, who was not the captain of the gang, but was merely in charge of the bunch who was hunting in that direction for the boy who had escaped them with

the money package, shoved his hand into Tom's inside pocket.

"The package ain't in that pocket," he said.

"No?" said the other. "I'll swear I felt it. There it is. Feel for yourself."

"It's in the lining. Thought he could fool us that way! ho, ho, ho!"

"I'll hold him while you tear it out," said the other.

"Never mind. We'll take him along with us and let Crowley attend to him. Jim will want to make an example of him for giving us all this trouble. We have lost three or four hours looking for him."

Tom protested that he had no money package about him, and that he didn't know why they should think he had, but they just laughed at him, tied him on one of the horses, and the whole party then rode away off down the road toward the Yellow Dog camp. So far Tom's scheme had succeeded admirably. He was mistaken for the bank clerk, for he was about the same size and age as Sheridan, and the men had only got an indistinct view of the clerk when he made off from the coach. Tom's object in getting out of the building was to prevent the landlord of the roadhouse from seeing who he was. He suspected that the man was friendly to the bandits, as it probably was his interest to be, and if he recognized him he would tell the leader of the bunch that he had got hold of the wrong person, and then the game would be up with the bank clerk.

Tom hardly realized the desperate game he was playing. If he thought Crowley, who was a notorious scoundrel, would release him when he found he was not the clerk, and didn't have the money, he counted wrong. Two failures to secure the big sum of money would be apt to put the bandit leader in such a furious state of mind that he was more than likely to shoot the boy dead on the spot. He had the reputation of having killed six or eight men with little provocation, and he had just as soon kill two or three more as to eat. That's the kind of man Crowley was, and Tom was playing with fire when he essayed to save the bank's money. The bunch traveled on at a rapid clip till they nearly reached the spot where the stage had been held up, then they turned off sharply to the left and rode in the direction of Yuba Dam. In the gloom of the night Tom might have been taken for one of the party as he was strapped behind one of the men in an upright position, with his arms tied to his side.

He was not gagged as that precaution was considered unnecessary. After the excitement attending his capture had died away, Tom occupied his thoughts with conjectures as to what really would be the outcome of the adventure. Not being aware of the real characters of the Western "bad men" he did not believe that he stood in any danger of his life. He relied upon the fact that they had mistaken him for the party they were after, and that when they found out their mistake they would let him go. During the long night ride he lived in a fool's paradise. But his reflections received a rude jolt before morning.

It was about two o'clock when the bunch reached the rendezvous of the band, which proved to

he a large cave in the heart of the range. They were challenged by the one man who had been left on watch. The challenge was a mere form as he recognized his companions in the slanting moonlight that shot through a great rift in the mountains. All dismounted, Tom was removed from his position and the horses were led away to some place in the rear of the cave where a mountain stream flowed by the back exit. There they were watered, fed and tied up. Tom's legs were tied together and he was left to himself outside the cave. No one paid any attention to him, not even the leader of the detachment making any attempt to take the presumed money package from the lining of his jacket. An hour passed away and another batch of horsemen appeared. The head of this bunch was the redoubtable Jim Crowley himself. They dismounted, like the others, and the horses were led away.

"So you got him, eh?" said Crowley, with a grin of satisfaction, walking up and looking at Tom. "Where's the money package?"

"He's got it on him—hid in the lining of his jacket," said the other. "I fetched him along just as he was, as I thought maybe you'd like to see him after the trouble he gave us to catch him."

"No, I only wanted the money. Get it out of his jacket and then you can take him down into the valley and turn him loose."

The other fellow lost little time in going through Tom's jacket, but to get at the paper he had to free the boy's arms.

"There's the package," he said, passing it to Crowley.

The leader of the band saw at a glance that it wasn't the money package. That it was merely a newspaper tied together. The real package would have been neatly wrapped, addressed and well sealed with wax bearing the stamp of the Silver Plume bank.

"What in thunder do you mean by saying this is the package?" roared Crowley, with an imprecation.

"Isn't it? You saw me take it from him, didn't you?" said the other.

"Don't you see that it's only a folded newspaper?" cried the leader, ripping out a string of oaths.

The man stared at it, then made a dive at Tom and searched his clothes all over, but without result.

"That's all he had on him," he said.

Crowley was furious.

"The skunk has tricked us. He hid the package somewhere before you caught him. Where did you find him?"

The other explained.

"I shall tell us where he put the money or I'll fill him full of holes," cried Crowley. "Stand him up against that rock."

Tom was yanked on his feet. Crowley pulled out a heavy revolver and cocked it.

"Now, then, you young hound, own up where you have hidden that package or I'll make a sieve of you."

He spoke like a man who meant business, and Tom felt that he had put himself in a bad position.

"Who do you take me for?" he said.

"Never mind who I take you for, come out with the information."

"I don't know anything about the package you're talking about except what I heard from the clerk of the Silver Plume bank this evening at the road-house where my employer and I put up for the night after losing our way in the range. The clerk told me that he and the assistant cashier of the bank were carrying a package of money by stage to Eureka, and that the stage was held up by bandits. He said his companion, who carried the money, was wounded, but that he escaped in the dark. We were about to turn in when a bunch of men rode up to the road-house and entered it. I was in the bank clerk's room at the time. He said he believed these men were a part of the bandits who had pursued him. He left the room and did not come back. When I heard the men coming upstairs I jumped out of the window to get away from them, fearing they might handle me roughly. I was caught, tied on a horse and brought here, though I protested that I was not the person they were after. That's the whole story. You have got hold of the wrong person," said Tom.

"That's a likely yarn you've made up to try and pull the wool over my eyes, but it won't work, young fellow," cried Crowley. "Where's Benson?"

"Here," replied one of the men, coming forward.

"You are able to identify the clerk of the bank who was in the coach with the man who carried the money?"

"Yes. I know his face like a book."

"Take a look at this chap. It's the clerk, isn't it?"

The rascal addressed picked up a lantern, held it close to Tom's face and took a keen look.

"No, it isn't. I never saw this boy before."

Crowley swore like a pirate and turned upon the leader of the bunch which captured Tom.

"I've a great mind to blow the roof of your head off," he roared. "You're brought a stranger here instead of the bank clerk. Your confounded stupidity has cost us \$25,000. What have you to say for yourself?"

The man protested that the roadhouse proprietor had guided them to the room he had given the bank clerk, and told him that he would find the person he was after in there.

When we walked into the room we found the window open and our bird gone; but Jim Kenny nailed him as he was trying to get away. If he wasn't the right party, what did he try to get away for?"

Crowley was like a wild man. Two or three times he seemed on the point of shooting down his lieutenant. Finally his rage turned upon Tom.

"I believe you helped the clerk to escape with the money, and then tried to escape yourself to avoid the consequences. If I was sure of it I'd torture the life out of you. As it is you shall remain a prisoner here till I learn the truth of the matter. It is bound to come out. If I find that you helped to outwit us I'll make you wish you never were born. Here, take him away and bind him to the tree in the middle of the mountain stream. In the morning we'll dispose of him elsewhere," cried Crowley.

The leader's orders were carried into immediate

effect, though owing to the rush of the stream the men had some difficulty in binding the boy to the dead trunk that was partly undermined by the water. Then they left him to the solitude and his own thoughts, with the roar of the surging waters in his ears.

CHAPTER IX.—Out of the Frying Pan.

Tom's position was not an enviable one. The huge dead tree trunk to which he was tied stood on the brink of a small precipice. Behind, and in a line with the tree, a huge point of rock divided the rushing mountain torrent in two parts. It poured down like two miniature waterfalls upon the wide ledge of earth and rock where the tree rose like a landmark, and shot past on either side, leaving the foot or two of ground between the tree and the edge of the precipice descent free of water, though the dashing spray kept the spot always wet except when the stream was low. Now it was at its height, due to the downpour of the late thunderstorm, which had flooded its many sources far up around the summits. Tom was alone in the awful solitude of nature, where, of all created beings, man is the most helpless. And Tom was helpless enough now in good truth. Four strands of rope were wound around his chest and arms, and more confined his legs, and every one of them encircled the tree itself. They had been drawn fairly tight at the start, so that the boy was unable to move a limb to any extent. The continuous wetting of the rope behind, however, loosened them as time passed, for the fibres expanded. Tom did not notice this at first. His thoughts were too busy with his ultimate fate. The bandit Crowley had hinted that he probably never would set his eyes on civilization again. The trouble the rascals had taken in lashing him to the tree was an intimation that the job was not a temporary one.

"Believe that scoundrel intends I shall stay here till I starve to death," thought the boy. "This wild solitude does not look as if it was often visited even by ~~some~~ travelers. The fact that the bandit gang have their retreat in the immediate vicinity shows that they deem themselves pretty secure from discovery by the hounds of justice. I am completely at the mercy of the vill'ns, and their leader is as brutal a scoundrel as I ever read of. I have probably given my life to save the funds of the bank, and my fate may never be learned. If I die here my body will bleach in the sun and tempest, and in time I will be reduced to the condition of the skeleton of John Milverton, and his little daughter will never learn of the legacy left her by her dying father. And then Mr. Guffin, he'll have to make his way back to the villa, with such help as Sheridan is willing to render him, and in the privacy of his library, with his dreams of the Middle Ages, he will wonder what became of me."

An hour passed away and the dismal thoughts which filled Tom's mind began to yield to his natural desire to live. He was young, healthy and strong, and youth does not accept when the stream was low. He began to struggle, for if he could release his right hand he would be able

to get at the jack-knife that was in his pocket. The bandits, however, had taken a turn with one of the strands of the rope around each of his wrists, so that they were held almost immovable against the rough trunk of the tree. It was clear they had done this to prevent him from working his arms by degrees out of the four upper cords, which would naturally have loosened the rope so much that he could have pulled all four loops below his waist, and with the upper part of his body clear he might manage to free his legs by bending down and using his hands.

Ordinarily he had not the ghost of a show to get clear, for they had done the job well. Had their hindsight, so to speak, been as good as their foresight, Tom's fate would have been certain, barring accidents; but they never thought of the weakening effect the spray had on rope. Tom had made an ineffectual struggle soon after they left him, and it was the result of that which discouraged him at first, and held him almost motionless for an hour in the darkening light that precedes the dawn, for the moon had gone down and the stars had lost some of their brilliancy. When the desire for life reasserted itself, and he put up another desperate effort to test his bonds, he discovered that they had in some way become looser. By a tremendous effort he succeeded in getting his left wrist out of the grip of the rope that held it. As the same rope held his right wrist, he easily released that. He had no trouble now in getting his right hand into his pocket. Out came the jack-knife, and he opened the large blade. Remembering that it was the upper strand on his chest which was knotted at the back of the tree, he worked his hand up to that, without much difficulty, and cut it. All he had to do now was to pull the four loops from about him.

On account of his precarious position on the edge of the crevasse he would have done this with great care but for the fact that the other rope holding his legs prevented him from losing his foothold. He pulled the rope free from the tree, but did not cast it aside. To escape he had to cross through the swirling and rushing stream on one side, and without something to hold on to he would be surely swept off the ledge into the abyss below. The two men who tied him to the tree were obliged to cling to a rope looped about the tree first, both ends of which were held taut by several of their companions. Even at that they had to be careful. So he proceeded to tie the last loop to the tree behind his shoulders, which he accomplished by twisting his body half around. The problem was to loop the other end of the rope around a rock two yards away, which shot up on the edge of the stream, and tie it. The rope, however, wasn't long enough for that. It was absolutely necessary for him to take off the rope about his legs, and tie it to the other to accomplish his object. To reduce the chances of accident he tied a ~~loop~~ around his body with the other rope and tied it with a slip-knot. Then he cut the rope around his legs and drew it free. He lost no time in tying the two ropes together, then holding on to the end he flung the wide loop toward the rock.

The first essay was successful, and the loop fell behind the rock. Then he released the loop about his body and ~~was free~~ ~~to move~~ ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~tree~~ ~~that~~

Getting between them he tied the end of the loop about the tree. All that remained was to cross the stream. Throwing an arm over each rope he began his short journey of six feet. The moment he left the tree his legs were swept from under him by the rushing stream. Raising his feet horizontally out of the water he slowly pulled himself across the foaming space. It taxed all of his strength, but he accomplished it and reached the rock in safety. He threw the loop into the stream, and it was borne over the edge of the crevasse, but the other end, of course, hung to the tree.

"Now I must get out of this locality as fast as I can," he said. "When I'll reach a mining camp is a question, but the most important thing is to avoid recapture."

There was light enough for him to feel his way along. He laid his course downward, for he knew that the rendezvous of the bandits was a short distance above. Dawn found him a mile from the scene through which he had passed so fateful an experience. From the talk of the bandits which he had overheard during the night ride, he judged that Yuba Dam was somewhere within a radius of a dozen miles. It was close to noon, as he judged by the position of the sun overhead, when he came unexpectedly on a trail. Satisfied that Yuba Dam was somewhere around that part of the range, he took to the trail with fresh hope. Half an hour later he saw a man stalking among the trees. He hurried toward him. They came together near the trail.

"Waal, stranger, whar are you bound—Yuba Dam?" said the man, looking Tom all over with some curiosity, for the boy was a sort of hybrid in his looks, having a blue shirt, with rolling collar, a tie, cheap store trousers, a well-made jacket of blue serge and a derby hat.

"I'd like to reach Yuba Dam. Perhaps you can tell me how much further off it is?" said Tom.

"You'll see the camp, sonny, when you reach the turn in the trail yonder. It's about a quarter of a mile further on. I'm goin' that way."

"My, but I'm glad. I'm nearly famished."

"Hain't you had no breakfast?"

"Not a ghost of one. I had my last meal in a road cabin on the stage road ten miles this side of Lost River Camp."

"D'ye mean Thompson's place?"

"Yes, that was the man's name."

"Why, that's all of fifteen miles from here as the crow flies. Have you walked across from thar? Mighty risky business, seein' as there hain't no trail to foller, for a tenderfoot, which I take you to be."

"I admit I'm a tenderfoot, but I went through enough last night to take all the newness out of me."

"Been walkin' all night tryin' to find your way to the Dam?"

"No. I was a prisoner most of the night in the hands of the Jim Crowley gang of bandits."

"The dickens you say," whistled the miner, staring at him. "Are that crowd in thar range ag'in?"

"I guess they've been here some time, for they have a denzvous up the mountain somewhere in a big cave. They took me there, and after Crowley had put me through a course of sprouts

he had me tied to a tree in the middle of a rushing stream, overlooking a crevasse, and I'd be there yet only that luck helped me out before daybreak."

"Whar did thar bandits catch you?"

"It's quite a story, which I'd rather postpone telling until I've had something to eat. I see the camp yonder, and if you were as hungry as I am, you'd——"

"Say no more, sonny. I'll see that you get a squar' meal. I s'pose you're cleaned out of rocks and can't pay for nothin'?"

"I haven't a cent; but I have a companion who came into the range with me. I guess he's gone on to Lost River Camp with the bank clerk who was held up in the coach last evening with the assistant cashier of the Silver Plume National Bank. They were carrying \$25,000 in cash to a bank in Eureka, and I guess the bandits found out about it and lay in ambush to get it."

"Did they get it?"

"No. If they had I wouldn't be in my present predicament."

The miner took Tom to the Yuba Dam eating-house, and ordered a meal to be cooked for him at once. Fifteen minutes later he was eating a mess of bacon, fried potatoes and bread, with coffee, and he thought he had never tasted anything half so good before.

CHAPTER X.—The Big Stake.

While Tom was eating the miner circulated the news about the presence of the Crowley bandits in the range and not a great way off. The disquieting intelligence flew around the camp and a crowd gathered to look at the tenderfoot who had been through the bandit mill and was alive to tell the tale. Tom ate his meal at a table in the one main room of the eating-house, which was also equipped with a bar, and the crowd filled up the space between the table and the door. The miner who had befriended him, and whose name was Andy Blossom, would not permit him to be disturbed. When he pushed his chair back with a sigh of satisfaction, Blossom said:

"Waal, sonny, ef you're ready we'll be glad to hear your story."

So Tom explained how he had been hired by an elderly gentleman named Guyman Guffin to work around his villa near Milltown, in Illinois, and told how that gentleman took it into his head to travel through Colorado to see nature in her original state. He told how they took the wrong road, and sought refuge in a cave from the thunderstorm. He described how the cave was struck by a thunderbolt which cut off their escape, and said they might be there yet, starving, but that the shock of the bolt opened up the mouth of a tunnel in the rear, through which they got away, and after a long tramp came to the coach road again at a point where Thompson's cabin stood. He then detailed the story of the hold-up of the stage as described by the bank clerk, Sheridan, and said that owing to a bit of brainy work on the part of the assistant cashier the bandits were cheated out of their prize. He told how the bandits, on discovering the ruse, had started to find the clerk, who then had

the money package, and they rounded him up at Thompson's.

Tom said that Thompson stood in with them and gave the clerk away, and they would have secured the money only for the new ruse that he (Tom) thought of and which got him into a terrible situation. He then told his interested audience how the bandits had tied him to the old dead tree in the midst of the mountain stream and left him to his fate. He explained how he managed to escape, how he had traveled since before dawn, and was feeling pretty rocky when he reached the trail and ran across Blossom.

"That's all, gentlemen, and I hope I have satisfied you," said Tom.

"Do you think you could lead a posse to that cave, sonny?" asked Blossom.

"All I know about the spot is that it's high up the mountains and close to the stream I told you about. I dare say somebody can be found who will recognize the place from my description, and then a posse could rout the bandits out."

At that moment there was a sound of horses' feet and a dozen mounted and armed men drew up before the eating-house.

"It's the sheriff and his posse," said Blossom. "How are you, sheriff? Are you lookin' for Jim Crowley and his bunch?"

"We are. Got any information that'll help us?"

"You've come to the right shop. Step in. Here's a boy who has just escaped from the headquarters of the gang, and I reckon he kin tell you somethin' that may be useful to you."

The sheriff dismounted, entered the shack and was introduced to Tom. The boy told him his story so far as it related to the bandits, describing the cave and its neighborhood as well as he was able to do it. One of the posse outside knew the mountain stream in question, and the sheriff said he guessed they'd get Crowley this trip, dead or alive. The party started off at once to find the cave and tackle the bandits. Andy Blossom invited Tom to accompany him back to his claim which he said he was working with two partners. Tom accepted the invitation, and helped Blossom carry certain articles he had come after. On the way back along the trail Tom asked him if he knew anything about a claim belonging to a man named John Milverton.

"I sure do, sonny," he replied. "Milverton was them boys who discovered their first gold in Yuba I am. He staked off several claims according to law and started for Silver Plume, after he had made their necessary excavations, to get his deeds. That was two years ago, and we ain't seen him since. He told me to keep an eye on his property, so he expected to return to Illinois to see his daughter, a little gal of thirteen. You know him, I reckon. When did you see him last?"

"Yesterday."

"Heavens, you don't say. Then he's h'arabouts. We'll all be glad to see him back."

"You'll never see him again, Mr. Blossom," said Tom, solemnly.

"What's that? Never see him, and you saw him yesterday. What are you gettin' at, sonny?"

"I saw all that was left of him."

"All that's left of him! Do you mean to say he's dead?"

"Yes. It was his skeleton I saw in the cave

where Mr. Guffin and I took refuge from the storm."

"How did you know it was his skeleton, son?"

"By a letter I found inclosed in a tin box close to the bones."

"You are sure thar ain't no mistake about it?"

"Would you recognize Milverton's handwriting?"

"I dunno. I might."

"We'll stop here a moment," said Tom, putting down the things he was carrying.

He took off his right shoe and stocking and produced Milverton's dying communication.

"Read that and form your own opinion."

Blossom did, and declared he had no doubt that Milverton wrote it.

"Poor fellow! He must have met with the accident in the range somewhar on his way to Silver Plume, crawled into thar cave and died thar. Waal, this h'ar paper gives ther finder, and that's you, a half interest in his claims, if you do thar right thing by Milverton's little gal. I reckon thar ain't no doubt but that's what you mean to do. Legally thar paper ain't worth nothin' to you. Thar little gal comes into it all, but as she might never have known nothin' about thar property but for you, for none of us know'd whar she lived, I reckon she'll be willin' to let you have half. You'd better go and see her about it right away. Thar claims are safe, because nobody would dar' jump 'em with us around. After you've seen her and fixed things up you'd better come back and get to work on thar property. It are a big stake."

CHAPTER XI.—Conclusion.

Tom was introduced by Blossom to his partners, and they gave him a hearty welcome. As one of the partners was going to drive a load of ore over to Silver Plume next morning, he offered to take Tom with him. The boy was glad of the chance to rejoin Mr. Guffin, and after spending the night in a spare bunk on the second floor of the eating-house, the two started for the county seat. They reached the town along in the afternoon, and Tom went to the hotel to see if Mr. Guffin had come on there. He found he had not. He then went to the First National Bank and asked for the president, and was shown into the office. Tom introduced himself and asked him if Jack Sheridan had returned and reported the hold-up of the stage coach by the Crowley bandits.

"No, but he sent us word about the affair and stated that the money would have been taken from him at the road cabin kept by one Thompson but for the ruse of a boy named Tom Hadley, who was carried off in his place by the bandits. Are you that young man?" said the president.

"I am."

Tom told his story.

"You had a mighty narrow escape. The directors shall learn what you were forced to go through in the bank's behalf."

"Did Sheridan, in his communication to you, mention Mr. Guffin?"

"Yes. He said he had promised you he would look after your claims communication, and he had

taken him on to Eureka by the next stage which was due at Yellow Dog about one o'clock to-day."

"Then I had better take the stage in the morning and meet them on the road on their way back?"

"You can do that, of course, but why not wait here till they return? They should arrive by to-morrow night."

"I guess I'll have to, for I have no money."

"No money! Let me be your banker. Here is \$20 for the present, but if you need more don't hesitate to call and ask for whatever you want."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom, and he repaired to the hotel.

Next morning the sheriff and his posse returned with several of the bandits. The official reported a tough fight with the rascals, during which Crowley and several of the gang were killed and wounded. Some of the posse were wounded, but none severely. The prisoners were locked up. Eventually they were tried and received a life sentence each. That afternoon late the stage brought Sheridan, the clerk and Mr. Guffin. Mr. Guffin declared that he had seen all he wanted of the wilds of Colorado, and was ready to return home. Tom was glad to hear it, for he was eager to reach Springdale, where Jessie Milverton lived, in order to break the news of her father's death to her, and to settle the question of his right to a half interest in the big stake. He learned that Springdale was about 100 miles south of Milltown, and after showing Milverton's letter to his employer, asked him if he would go to town with him and help him out if he needed help.

"Certainly, Thomas. I will be glad to serve you in any way I can," said Mr. Guffin.

They resumed their better clothes and started next day for Denver. On reaching Springdale, which proved to be only a large village, they put up at the inn, and Tom started to make inquiries about Jessie Milverton. He learned that she was living with a family to whose care her father had intrusted her. On calling there he found that she had been reduced from the position of a boarder to that of maid of all work. Jessie was now a pretty girl of fifteen, and she seemed overjoyed when Tom told her he had brought news about her father. Her joy was short-lived, for Tom had to tell her the truth, which nearly broke her young heart. He comforted her as best he could and then told her he had come to offer her a good home with a very nice, elderly gentleman, for whom he worked, and who would willingly act as her guardian.

Jessie, who now regarded Tom as her only friend, agreed to his proposal even before he saw Mr. Guffin. So Tom took her to the inn and

made her acquainted with Mr. Guffin. They took a liking to each other at once, much to the boy's satisfaction. On her return she notified the people that she was going to leave at once. On the following afternoon the three reached Milltown and were driven to the villa, where they were warmly welcomed. That evening after supper Jessie was taken into the library and then Tom showed her the letter written by her father when he was dying. She cried a great deal over it.

"Are you willing that I should have half of that property, according to the terms of your father's letter?" asked Tom.

"Yes, yes," she said.

Mr. Guffin went before the probate judge of Milltown and got himself appointed as Jessie's guardian, and trustee of her interest in the Yuba Dam mining claims. At the end of a week Tom announced that he was going to Yuba Dam to work the claims in Jessie's interest and his own. The girl had already become much attached to Tom, for he was very nice to her, comforting her in her sorrow, and she began to cry when he told her of his intentions. But she soon stopped crying and told him to do as he thought best.

So Tom went out to Yuba Dam and took charge of the property. Under Andy Blossom's general supervision at first he hired two men and put them at work. In six months the mine was turning out ore in paying quantities. In a year he had half a dozen hands at work in the mine, several others above ground, and had put up the necessary buildings. When Tom came of age he formed a company, with a capital of half a million to take over the property, and was elected president of it.

Shortly afterward, he and Jessie, now a blooming girl of eighteen, were married, and went to live in Silver Plume. A good road to Yuba Dam and an automobile enabled Tom to visit the mine each day and note how things were progressing. Needless to say both he and his wife had a good-sized bank account in the First National, and both moved in the best society of Silver Plume. And having reached the end of our story we will drop the curtain on the boy who was after a big stake and got it.

Next week's issue will contain "FACING THE MEXICANS; or, THE SECRET OF THE AZTEC'S GOLD."

Mistress—Now that you have finished the course at the cooking school, I presume you are ready to go to work? Latter-day Domestic—I don't know, mum. The teacher said if you was goin' to use a gasoline stove I'd better take a course o' scientific lectures at the Harvard Annex.

CURRENT NEWS

GIRL MAKES FISH CULTURE HER LIFE
OCCUPATION

Miss Ruth Studdert of Seattle is the only woman ichthyologist in the United States, and perhaps the only woman in the world who has made the study of fish her life work. Miss Studdert gained her first knowledge of fish lore while employed by the United States Bureau of Fisheries. She is completing her study of ichthyology at the College of Fisheries, University of Washington.

WILL EMPLOY TURKEYS TO GOBBLE UP
INSECTS

Fire and poison having failed, turkeys are going to be used this year to exterminate grasshoppers, the plague of Western grain fields. The Thanksgiving bird's capacity for this work was revealed when a farmer cut open the crop of a turkey last fall and found 248 grasshoppers and six water beetles—one day's catch. One big farmer intends to raise 2,000 birds this season. He figures that his flock, working ninety days, should take a toll of 45,000,000 insects.

DEATH IN A FOX FUR

A singular case of death caused by a fox fur is reported from Bourges, France. In this case the head of the animal had been set up in a life-like pose, its jaws, still set with teeth, serving as a fastener. The owner of the fur was joking with a girl friend's nose. The incident was forgotten until two days later, when the girl's nose began

to swell, and she found that she must have been pricked by one of the animal's teeth. An operation was carried out, but this intervention proved too late and the girl died within a few hours. The danger of the wound which caused the girl's death lay to a great extent in its apparent insignificance, for it was so slight that it did not even bleed or cause any inconvenience until it was too late to apply antiseptic measures effectively.

DEVICE MEASURES HEAT OF TEENIEST
STARS

Should the heat reaching the earth from all the stars in the heavens be collected and concentrated on a thimbleful of water, two centuries would be required to bring the liquid to the boiling point.

This statement was made recently by Dr. W. W. Cobentz, of the United States Bureau of Standards, who has perfected the thermophyle, a heat measuring device which will determine the heat radiation of a star so infinitesimal, that 1,000,000 years will be required for the ray to warm a bit of water of the volume of a cent, Federal scientists said. The machine will measure the heat of a candle at a distance of one mile.

Astronomers studying the moon said the climate there ranges from 460 below zero at night to considerably over the boiling point during the day. Days are about four weeks long on the moon.

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Wrecked On The Desert

— OR —

THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOY PROSPECTORS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

The man was conscious then, but during the efforts of the boys to land him his head dropped and so remained.

Just how they accomplished their purpose the boys could scarcely have told, but success came at last and the rescued man lay stretched on the rocks at their feet.

"Dead, think?" yelled Arthur, with his mouth close to Jack's ear.

"We won't stop to find out," was the reply. "We must get him to the shack instantly."

It was a case of head and feet, with the lantern dangling from Arthur's arm, and the rope, which had not been removed, trailing behind. The boys were drenched before they could make the hut, where they instantly began their investigations.

"He's alive!" cried Jack, after listening at the heart.

Quick work followed.

First it was brandy, and this brought back consciousness, but the man did not attempt to speak beyond murmuring a few incoherent words.

They stripped off his clothes, wrapped him in blankets and laid him on their own mattress, which with the floor formed their bed, whereupon he immediately sank into a deep sleep.

"Thoroughly exhausted," remarked Jack, as he proceeded to get out of his own wet clothes. "I wonder how long he had been there?"

"Question is where the deuce did he come from?" replied Arthur; "can it be possible that some steamer went to pieces in the storm out by the heads and we never knew?"

"Might be. It's quarter to three and we turned in at ten. Plenty of time for lots to happen, boy."

They dried themselves with their Turkish towels and, getting into their pajamas, sat down to smoke. Dawn came and the sleeper never once stirred, but shortly after daylight he opened his eyes and asked for a drink of water so feebly that the boys thought he was going, and Jack gave him more brandy, after which he slept again.

The rain ceased at sunrise. Jack and Arthur leaving their patient still sleeping went out on the cliff.

The question of the night before was instantly answered, for the rising tide had brought in-shore all sorts of things. The sea was strewn with wreckage. Evidently some small steamer had gone to pieces on the rocks during the night.

It was, in short, the memorable wreck of the Queen, a freighter from Vancouver bound north for the various way points along the British Columbian coast.

As the boys learned later, the captain and a portion of the crew made Prince Rupert in a lifeboat, but the mate's boat in which the man in the shack had been a passenger foundered at the start. Of all those in it, he alone escaped.

CHAPTER II.

The Story Of Old Ben Budd.

It was partly business and partly the love of adventure which brought young Fennister and his companion to Kettle Island in the substantial motor boat belonging to Jack, whose age was something over twenty, while that of his friend was just nineteen.

Here were two boys who had both lost their parents in early life. They had been chums from their childhood and as Jack was to inherit a snug little fortune when of age, and was blest with a liberal guardian, he did about as he pleased. Fortunately he had no inclination to do otherwise than all that was right and proper for a youth of his age.

With Arthur it was different, for he was obliged to work for a living. Both were studying mining engineering, and when Arthur lost his job in a big tannery office at Seattle that summer, he was glad to accept Jack's proposition to join him in a cruise along the coast of British Columbia. Incidentally it was a prospecting tour, for both were deeply interested in mining matters. Their hope had been to strike a paying claim in some out-of-the-way spot which Jack, who was a native of Vancouver and consequently a British subject, could locate under the Canadian laws.

Little or no success had attended their efforts and as the summer was now almost over the boys were beginning to think of their return.

"What steamer can it have been?" questioned Arthur, as they stood looking off on the ocean.

"Hard to tell," replied Jack. "It could not have been one of the Alaska liners. They wouldn't trust themselves so close inshore."

"Hope our boat is safe. Hadn't we better go and have a look?"

Jack's motor boat had been tied up in a land-locked cove down into which they could look from the cliffs at another point.

Finding the boat all right, the boys returned to the shack which they had found deserted on their arrival at Kettle Island and began to prepare breakfast.

The old man was still peacefully slumbering, but he looked so white and breathed so faintly that Jack began to wonder if he would ever awaken, which he did shortly after the boys had finished breakfast.

"Well, how are you feelin?" asked Arthur, cheerfully.

(To be continued.)

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

PREHISTORIC CITY FOUND NEAR MEXICO
VOLCANO

A prehistoric city has recently been discovered at the foot of the volcano Ixtacciruatl. The city is apparently four miles long and three miles wide. The city is surrounded by a wall and there are twenty-eight pyramids. There is a possibility of the ruins being as famous as Tectihuan.

BRINGS IN SNAKE BRACELET

When a customs agent started to examine the baggage of Miss Mary Lewis of Pompton Lakes, N. J., a passenger on the Grace liner Santa Luisa docking from Valparaiso, he noted what appeared to be a necklace of coral beads on her wrist. His move to examine it was met by a counter move of the "bracelet" and he jumped back several feet.

"Don't be afraid," Miss Lewis said. "It's Rudolph, my pet coral snake."

Rudolph entered duty free. The snake, a delicate pink, was about three feet long. While coral snakes are said to be poisonous, Miss Lewis affirmed that Rudolph was lacking in such qualities. She said she would train the pet to replace a watch dog which had died.

"KILLER" WHALES HUNT IN PACKS LIKE
WOLVES

The "killer" whale—the most ferocious animal whether of sea or land in the world, bar none—attains a length of 20 feet, and weighs about a ton. It is predatory in the last degree, even attacking whales of the largest species and tearing them literally to pieces.

Tremendously powerful, astonishingly swift, the killer whales usually travel in schools of a dozen or more, hunting by preference in packs, like wolves. They gobble great numbers of fur seal pups when the latter are taking their first lessons in swimming in the waters about the Pribilof Islands, in Bering Sea.

The Eskimos believe that the killer whales are really metamorphosed wolves. When so inclined, they swim to the shore, climb out and transform themselves into wolves. Or, contrairiwise, the wolves come down to the sea, jump in and become killer whales.

COLISEUM SEATING 18,000 PERSONS

New York is to have a super-Madison Square Garden to cost several million dollars and to seat about 18,000 persons. It will be built in Fourth avenue extending to Lexington avenue and running from 32d to 33d streets, on the former site of the New York Railways Company car barns recently sold at public auction.

John Ringling, circus proprietor; E. B. Albee, director of the B. F. Keith's vaudeville interests, and Col. Tillinghast L. Huston, who, recently announced the sale of his half interest in the New York American League baseball club, will be the owners.

The new building will provide a permanent home for sport and amusement. Everything will be done to make it the last word in construction for a place of its type.

Erection of the new coliseum will mark the passing of Madison Square Garden, which for more than three decades has been the scene of many famous events. The garden, it is understood, has recently been sold by the New York Life Insurance Company to a big real estate firm, which purposes to construct large office buildings on the block.

The Ringlings and Tex Rickard—the latter's name, however, has not been connected with the new coliseum—hold a lease on Madison Square Garden. It has two more years to run.

The coliseum will house a theatre capable of seating more than 4,000, to take the place of the Hippodrome, which is to be torn down. A gigantic swimming pool will be converted into an ice skating rink in the winter. The Ringling circus will show there also.

From a source close to the men behind the scheme it is understood work will begin at once on the construction of the building. It is expected to be completed by the end next year.

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Each number contains Four Stories of the Best Films on the Screen - Elegant Half-ton Pictures of the Plays - Interesting Articles About Prominent People in the Films - Details of Actors and Actresses in the Studio and Lessons in Scenario Writing.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d St., New York

INTERESTING RADIO NEWS

HOW TO MAKE A FLEWELLING SET

The marvellous little hookup which has recently created a sensation among radio fans is the Flewelling circuit. It was named after its inventor, and can be made by any boy handy with tools. For its great volume of sound and wide range, it is the best and least expensive of any single tube set on the market.

The flivver set is a modification of the famous Armstrong super-regenerative circuit. It can get long-distance stations with ease, requires very few parts and costs very little. This set functions with or without ground and aerial, or with one or both disconnected. It works on an indoor aerial or with about ten feet of aerial wire. Tuning is accomplished by means of a variable condenser; hard amplifying tubes are used, and a vernier rheostat will help to sharpen the reception.

ARTICLES NEEDED

1 rubber panel, size 10x7 inch.....	\$ 1.00
1 hard wood baseboard 9x6x $\frac{1}{4}$ inch.....	.10
1 23 plate variable condenser with vernier	2.50
1 filament rheostat.....	.50
1 U. V. 20 bulb.....	6.00
1 honeycomb coil 50 turns.....	1.00
1 honeycomb coil 75 turns.....	1.25
1 coil mount	2.50
1 variable gridleak with 00025 mfd condenser75
1 gridleak without condenser.....	.75
3 006 condensers.....	1.50
1 001 mrd phone condenser.....	.75
8 lengths tinned bus wire.....	.35
1 piece copper foil 6x9 inch.....	.20
1 bottle shellac.....	.10
12 nickel-plated $\frac{3}{4}$ inch screws.....	.05
6 rubbertop binding posts.....	.30
2 double binding posts for phones.....	.20
1 single circuit jack.....	.25
3 double and 2 single binding posts.....	1.50
1 cabinet	1.50
Stain, solder and extras.....	.45

Total cost.....\$22.50

THE PANEL

The first proceeding is to lay out your panel for drilling the necessary holes. Along the bottom, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch up drill three screw holes to hold the panel upright against the baseboard—one in the center and the other two an inch from each end. These holes can be 3-16 inch diameter. A similar hole can be drilling in each side halfway up to hold the panel into the cabinet. Next drill four holes the same size on the right-hand side of the panel $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in from the side, the lowest one to be one inch up from bottom. These are for the battery binding posts. On the same side, one inch down from the top, drill a phone binding post hole $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in from the side, another 2 inches under it for the second binding post, and

between it a hole for the jack. Now draw pencil lines across the board from these phone binding posts to the lefthand side of the panel near the top, and drill two more holes for the ground and aerial binding posts $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in from the side and 2 inches apart.

On the left-hand side draw a pencil mark two inches in from the side. Next draw a line two inches up from the bottom till it meets the first line. Where they meet drill a hole for the variable condenser a trifle larger than the shaft. No size can be given, as condenser shafts vary in diameter. Nearly all condensers have three prongs on the front, with screw holes in the ends, to hold them to the panels, and as these vary with the make, no fixed rule for drilling can be given. The best way is to lay the prongs against the panel when the shaft is in its hole, mark the place where the prongs touch the panel, center the holes and drill according to the size screws furnished with the condenser.

When the condenser shaft hole is finished draw a line across the panel toward the right to a point 2 inches from the shaft of the rheostat and two screw holes to hold it in place. Templates are usually furnished with rheostats. Four holes must be drilled at the top of the panel in the center, to hold the honeycomb coil mount. These screw holes must be spaced according to the amount you see, as they differ in size. In the center between the ~~screw~~ screw holes drill a hole $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter, through which to pass the four flexible leads from the ~~coil~~ coil mount.

SHIELDING

The next step is to shield the panel. Lightly sandpaper the back of the panel, coat with shellac, and when the shellac is partly dry lay the copper foil on it, and rub it down perfectly smooth. Let it dry over night. Then cut a strip $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide from top, bottom and sides. Also cut out pieces from around each binding post and each point where the condenser rheostat and honeycomb nuts touch the panel, leaving $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of margin bare around each screw hole, except the ground post hole. The ground wire carries off the electricity accumulated from over the set, as the copper shielding absorbs it.

MOUNTING THE INSTRUMENTS

To mount the instruments begin with the honeycomb coil by first attaching the four flexible leads to the mount. Next put the variable condenser and the rheostat in their places, and attach the dials. The battery, aerial and ground binding posts follow. These can have rubber tops to make a neat job. The phone posts can be double and nickel-plated, so that two can listen in at one time. The jack is fastened on and secured with a small bolt. As some people prefer to plug in, the jack is an added feature. It is not necessary. Some prefer just the jack and no posts, but the advantage of having posts is that it is easy to connect them to an amplifier, if you should get one later on. Having mounted the in-

struments on a panel, it can be screwed to the 6x9 baseboard on which the lamp socket condensers and gridleak are placed. The lamp socket sets back in the corner behind the rheostat, the Fx and F marks on it turned toward the panel. The P and G marks are at the rear. An inch from the G, along the rear, fasten the black variable gridleak, one end pointing toward the G on the lamp socket. Next lay two of the 006 condensers flat on the board, about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in front of the F markings on the lamp socket. These two condensers must be end to end, the holes overlapping, so you can drill a hole to fasten them down with one double binding post. The other two ends are each held down with single binding posts. Lay the third condenser in the center, in front of the pair just mentioned, and fasten it down with a double binding post at each end. If there is no room to place the red variable gridleak between the last mentioned condenser and panel, on account of the rheostat projecting inward, put the red lead on top of the single condenser. The wiring will hold it in place. The baseboard will now be nearly all filled, as the variable condenser lays back upon it on the right-hand side.

WIRING THE SET

The wiring is perhaps the most difficult part of the job, but using busbar permits of making stiff, strong connections, bending it at sharp angles with a pair of pliers. Each piece should be carefully measured before it is cut to avoid waste, and all joints that are not soldered should have tight connections. The end of the busbars to go to binding posts is first bent in the form of a hook, and is then squeezed together tightly over the screw, and the nut is screwed down securely. Do not use a soldering iron near the fixed condenser when you can avoid it, as the heat might ruin them, and use as little rosin flux and solder as possible. Now for the wiring. Commencing at the lamp socket attach a wire to the G post and the other end to the nearest post of the black gridleak. From the other post on the gridleak carry a wire along the rear of the baseboard, bend it toward the variable condenser, and solder the end to the connection on the left-hand side. A wire is next soldered to the connection on the right-hand side of the variable condenser, and is brought up and secured to the screw of the ground binding post. Next secure a wire to the aerial binding post, bend it over and down to the baseboard behind the variable condenser, where a few extra inches can be left. Later we will explain where you fasten the end of this wire. Solder this wire to the middle joint of the variable condenser without cutting it where it comes down from the aerial post. The rest of the wire is now on the board below the soldered end, and must be bent toward the 006 fixed condensers. We will leave it for a while until we wire up the three condensers, and the red gridleak, as this wire, fastened to the middle joint of the variable condenser will afterward have to be connected to the condenser bank. Beginning at the red lead, perched on top of one of the fixed condensers, secure a wire to a binding post on the left. Now bend this wire around and thread it through the double binding post which holds the condenser down on one side. Carry the wire to

the hole in the single post holding down the two overlapping condensers. Do the same on the other side, and you will then have all the fixed condensers and the red gridleak connected together in a circuit of wire. You now pick up the end of the wire coming down from the middle joint of the variable condenser, and solder it to the wire that joins the condenser with the red grid and the overlapping condensers. A wire is now attached to the left-hand joint of the rheostat, and is connected to the battery A binding post screw. Another wire fastened to the right-hand connector of the rheostat is brought over to the lamp socket post marked Fx. Next a wire is secured to the lamp socket marked P, is bent straight up about 4 inches, then is bent at right angles for about 4 inches, and is cut off. A wire is now fastened to the lamp socket at F—, and is carried over to the Ax battery binding post. A wire is soldered to the last mentioned lead about 1 inch from the lamp socket and is carried to the fixed condensers, where it is fastened to the double binding posts holding down the ends of the two overlapping fixed condensers. Attach a wire to the upper phone post screw, bend it out about 3 inches, then bring it down to the end of the plug, to which it is soldered, and continue the wire downward, and secure it to the battery post screw Ax. Another wire is secured to the lower prong of the jack, brought to the lower phone post screw, continues down, and is attached to the battery post screw marked B—. The little 001 fixed condenser must now be soldered (by the means of wire arms) at the side of the jack, between the upper and lower phone post screws. First secure two 2-inch lengths of wire to each end of the condenser. Bend these wires at right angles. Then solder the end of one to the wire from the lower phone post, and solder the other to the wire from the upper phone post. Without this condenser you could not hear anything very well. The last wires to be secured are the flexible leads, coming through the hole in the panel from honeycomb coils. The two on the right-hand side carry the 50-turn coil. The top one is soldered to the wire running from the aerial post to the middle of the variable condenser. The lower one is soldered to the wire running from the ground post to the right-hand joint on the variable condenser. The flexible leads from the 75-turn honeycomb coil are secured as follows: The top one is secured to the end of the wire sticking up from the P mark on the lamp socket, and the lower one is soldered to the joint of the variable condenser on the left-hand side. This completes the wiring. The batteries are now attached by wires to the binding posts on the panel. Be careful to see that no wires touch each other, forming a short circuit, and to not run parallel wires closer together than an inch. First turn on the rheostat to see if the lamp lights up from the A battery. Be careful not to get the lamp connected to the B battery, as it would burn out the filament of the lamp. If the rheostat lights the lamp turn on the B battery current. The tuning is done with the variable condenser. If the set whistles and shrieks adjust the variable gridleaks, as they are the critical adjustments. With this set near-up stations come in very loud and distant stations are quite clear.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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HARRY E. WOLFF,
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ITEMS OF INTEREST

MAN, 80, NEVER SAW A MOVIE

Money spent on amusements is largely squandered, according to D. F. Barrett, eighty years old, Riverside, Cal., who never has seen a motion picture, has not been to a circus for fifty-six years, or seen a theatrical performance since 1880, and says he never wants to.

UNBREAKABLE GLASS

According to recent reports, a Bohemian inventor, after thirteen years of research, has succeeded in producing unbreakable glass. At a recent demonstration, it is said, plates and vessels of the material remained whole when thrown to the ground from a height of twelve feet. Meat was roasted on a thin glass plate over an oven fire at a temperature of 750 degrees Fahrenheit. Tin was melted in a glass pot and nails were driven in a piece of hardwood, using a piece of glass for a hammer.

NORWAY'S TROPICAL FLOATSAM

The coast of Norway is not so cold as many think, for the gulf stream with its tropical breath modifies the cold as it flows by, and it also brings to the fishermen of that northern coast fuel with which to warm their homes when winter is upon them. Some of the floating wood grew along the Amazon or Orinoco Rivers of South America, or in the palm groves of the islands of the Atlantic, the trees being carried to the distant shores by the Gulf Stream, the current of which is more speedy than the Amazon and 1,000 times greater.

ONE BEAR THE LIMIT IN NEW YORK STATE

The new law reads:

"Bear may be taken from October 15 to November 15, both inclusive. A person may take one such wild bear in an open season and then may transport, when accompanying the same, one carcass or part thereof at any one time.

"Wild bear may be taken only on land. No jacklight or other device to entice bears shall be used, made or set, nor shall any bears be taken by aid or use thereof.

"Bears shall not be hunted, pursued or killed by any dog of either sex. Wild bears lawfully taken may be possessed from October 15 to November 20, both inclusive. A person may possess such bears from November 21 to February 1, both inclusive, provided a license so to do shall first be obtained from the commission. Every person obtaining such license shall pay to the commission a fee of one dollar. Bears so possessed shall at all times be marked or tagged in such manner as the commission may provide.

"Possession of bear, or any part thereof, from November 16 to February 1, both inclusive, unless such license be so obtained, shall be presumptive evidence that the same was unlawfully taken. This act shall take effect immediately."

LAUGHS

The Man—What's your name, my little man? The Little Man—They call me "Corns" at school, sir. The Man—Good gracious! and why? The Little Man (cheerfully)—'Cause I'm always at the foot of the class, sir.

A servant girl was given macaroni by her mistress to prepare for the table. Noticing her surprise, the lady said: "Didn't you cook macaroni at your last place?" "Cook it? We used them things to light the gas with."

Tourist—you must get some business here, advertising "All the Comforts of Home for One Dollar." Rural Landlord—We did until the fellow opposite opened up with "None of the Discomforts of Home for Two Dollars."

How many apples were eaten by Adam and Eve? We know that Eve 81, and that Adam 812, total 893. But Adam 8142 please his wife, and Eve 21242 please Adam, total 89,384. Then again Eve 21420 by herself, and Adam 813240 by himself. Total, 1,628,480!

Tramp—You know the sayin', mum, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." Mrs. Subbubs—Very true. And since you speak in proverbs I'll refer you to another old saw. Tramp—Which one is dat, mum? Mrs. Subbubs—The one back in the woodshed.

The proprietor of a dry-goods store in Preston, Ill., is superintendent of a Sunday school. On a recent Sabbath, in the school, after explaining the Bible lesson, he said: "Does any one wish to ask a question?" "I do, Mr. Barnes," said a little girl, in great excitement. "How much is those little red parasols in your show window?"

Wifey—Did you mail that letter I gave you? Hubby—Yes, dear. I carried it in my hand so I couldn't forget it, and I dropped it in the first box. I remember because— Wifey—There, dear. Don't fib any more. I didn't give you any letter to mail.

HERE AND THERE

HYPNOTIZING AN EMPLOYEE

An unusual story regarding an achievement by a clairvoyant is reported from Hamburg. For two weeks the branch of the Deutsche Bank there had missed an important letter upon which depended a gain or loss of several billions of marks. Searches by the police proved vain, and finally a clairvoyant, Juan Colmo, whose telepathic experiments were said to be astonishing, was consulted.

By a process which remains Colmo's secret, he managed to eliminate all persons from suspicion but the young clerk. This man Colmo hypnotized, whereupon he led the clairvoyant to a room where the letter was found. It seemed to have accidentally fallen between two bookcases. Colmo received a large reward.

TEN-YEAR GRAZING PERMITS FOR FOREST RANGES

Beginning in 1925, 10-year permits are to be granted to stockmen who desire to graze cattle and sheep on ranges within the National forests, the Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture, announced recently. This new policy, as approved by the Secretary of Agriculture, exactly doubles the maximum period for which grazing permits are now being issued. The Department's action was taken from the standpoint of assisting the live-stock industry to further recover from its depression of the last few years, since, it is claimed by stockmen, grazing permits for 10 years instead of 5 will make it less difficult to secure financial aid to carry on live-stock grazing operations.

A LABRADOR ROMANCE

Lovemaking is not by any means confined to any time or place, to crowded cities or seaside resorts. The fever is caught in the tropics or any other zone, for just now we are reading of a romance which began in Labrador, when Miss Raymond Bradley, a society girl of Boston, went as a volunteer nurse with the Grenfell expedition to that bleak land, and in the course of her labors had occasion to correspond with other workers in a distant part of the peninsula. Charles R. Rheault answered the letters as part of his duty, but the perfunctory business correspondence grew into an intimate and personal one. He was an officer in the Canadian Royal Mounted Police. Later Miss Bradley returned to her home in Boston, and when Rheault called on her in her city home, he finally went back to Canada with a promise of marriage from the young lady, which was fulfilled.

ANOTHER ATLANTIC CABLE

Quite a number of us can remember the days of excitement over the laying of the first cable between America and England. Cyrus W. Field, a New York merchant who had attained prominence, and been for years interested in ocean telegraphy. He obtained a charter giving him exclusive rights for 50 years for ocean telegraphy

from the coast of New Foundland to England. The great United States frigate Niagara and the mammoth Great Eastern were employed in the work and the Old World was much excited over the progress. The first successful layings of cables were in the years 1857 and 1858 and celebrations followed on both sides of the Atlantic. New York City burned down her City Hall. The cables did not work well, and everything relating to them were stopped by the Civil War until 1866. Since then cable laying has gone on with great rapidity, but with little excitement and no burning of city halls to announce success. Now Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Postal Telegraph-Commercial Cables, announces that his company has completed contracts for the laying of a great cable directly between New York and London, and the work will be completed by Aug. 1. The route will be from New York to Nova Scotia, about 1,000 miles; thence to the Azores, 1,750 miles. At Azores it will connect with a cable already laid. A new cable is to be laid this summer from Ireland to England. Great things are expected of this new cable, which will have a capacity of approximately 600 letters a minute in both directions.

PIT DWELLERS

A Mr. Ferguson, of Franklin, Pa., seems to be somewhat of an investigator—maybe an archeologist—as events will show. Not long ago he was in Canada, and in one place the "lay of the land" seemed to call to him to investigate it. This was in the Province of Ontario. He began to "nose" around, and then he used pick and shovel, being rewarded by finding the remains of a village which, he says, must have existed two or three thousand years ago. Everybody seems to deal in thousands now instead of hundreds.

"We found an area covering at least half a mile in width and two miles long, over the whole of which were remains of human habitations," said Mr. Ferguson. "There were largely pits which had been dug for homes. They ranged from 8 to 10 feet deep and were protected by carefully built stone walls, which kept them from water. Apparently they had been covered by wooden roofs. Some of them were 20 by 40 feet in diameter, evidently being communal dwellings. We found one structure, 150 by 180 feet, that had evidently been a fort.

"The pits had sides running squarely east and west and north and south, the long sides being straight north and south, indicating that the people who built them perceived the relation of the stars and the sun's direction.

"Their tools were black, egg-shaped stones of great hardness, which are found on the shores of Black Bay, on the north side of Lake Superior, but on Isle Royale we found several of these with markings which would indicate the fitting of wooden handles." There will be a lot of story before Mr. Ferguson gets through his explorations.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

TOSSED GOOD MONEY AWAY

Two counterfeit \$10 bills from the bankroll of an otherwise honest bootlegger cost Michael J. Sullivan of Salem, Mass., \$1,500. Michael arrived on the White Star liner Homeric, and after a long session with currency experts at the pier and another at the Custom House he was persuaded that the \$1,500 which he tossed into the Bay of Glasgow was probably perfectly good money.

He had retained \$300 of the bootlegger's \$1,800 payment for a consignment of Scotch and the \$300 contained the two bad tens. Michael was positive the whole amount was counterfeit and it took a lot of argument to change his mind. It was then that he really regretted throwing away the \$1,500.

A peculiar combination of circumstances led to the New Englander's loss of 1,500 American dollars, and when all is said and done he is lucky to have salvaged the \$300. Not that he needed it especially, however, as Michael exhibited fifteen \$1,000 bills which the experts in passing also pronounced 100 per cent. pure. The two outstanding factors in Michael's loss were a desire not to break the law against passing bad money and too much dependence on amateur methods in testing bills to find out whether they were good or bad.

BOTTLE DRIFTS 8,400 MILES IN 753 DAYS

Capt. F. B. Bassett, Chief of the Hydrographic Office, Navy Department, recently announced that a bottle dropped overboard by the steamer West Islets on Dec. 31, 1920, was picked up last January after having traveled 8,400 miles. Another bottle, cast overboard in September, 1921, was found in February of this year after having drifted 2,300 miles.

Both bottles contained paper especially prepared by the Hydrographic Office for experimental work in the study of ocean currents.

The West Islets was in latitude 12 degrees 34 minutes north, longitude 92 degrees 45 minutes west when the prepared bottle was cast overboard three years ago. It was found on the shore of Misool Island, northwest of New Guinea, in latitude 1 degree 30 minutes south, longitude 130 degrees east, on Jan. 23.

"If this bottle had drifted in a straight line and was picked up immediately, which is unlikely," said Capt. Bassett, "it must have traveled 5,400 miles in 753 days."

In latitude 37 degrees 22 minutes, longitude 73 degrees 37 minutes west, the steamer Nestlea cast overboard a bottle Sept. 3, 1921. The paper contained in it was found at Lagens, Island of Pico, in the Azores group, in latitude 38 degrees 23 minutes north, longitude 23 degrees 15 minutes west, on Feb. 21. If this bottle had drifted in a straight line and been picked up immediately it must have travelled 2,300 miles in 536 days.

BEES ARE WARRIORS

Did you know that the bee is a past master in the art of war? Did you know that every hive of bees is so thoroughly organized that its entire

population of 50,000 to 100,000 responds almost instantly to a call for conflict wherever an invader approaches?

The authority for this information is Michael W. Barrett, Boston's bee expert, internationally known as the "bee king," and reputed to be one of the foremost authorities on bees, both from the theoretical and practical standpoints, in America.

Mr. Barrett has been studying and experimenting with bees for forty-five years—ever since his boyhood days. He came to America from Ireland at the age of 7 and has since made his home in Boston. For years he traveled through America and Europe with a "circus" composed of more than 100,000 bees. His bee farm in the Hyde section of Boston is a mecca for thousands of visitors.

"Next time you go near a bee hive look closely and you will see several bees flying around in a wide circle," says Mr. Bassett. "If you made an effort to approach closer to the hive some of the bees in this group would attack you and the rest would hurry to the hive to warn its entire population of the approach of an invader. If you continued to walk toward the hive an army of thousands of bees would swarm out of it to attack you."

"The bees constantly flying about outside the hive are sentinels, or outposts. They are the exterior unit of the bees' superior fighting organization. This organization, as my research work has proved conclusively, has its vanguard of shock troops, its regular fighting legions, its chemists, engineers and a hundred and one other kinds of units that go to make up its fighting force, just the same as a nation of humans."

Investigation in the warfare of bees has convinced Mr. Barrett that no sort of an animal small enough to enter their hive is a match for them. The mouse, for example, always fights a losing battle when he enters a beehive. If the animal remains in the hive a few seconds he is stung enough times to kill him. The body is too heavy for the bees to drag out. So the body, for sanitary reasons, is sealed over entirely with wax.

"It is not an unusual thing to see a mouse or other small animal completely sealed over with wax on the floor of a bee box when the cover is lifted," said Mr. Barrett.

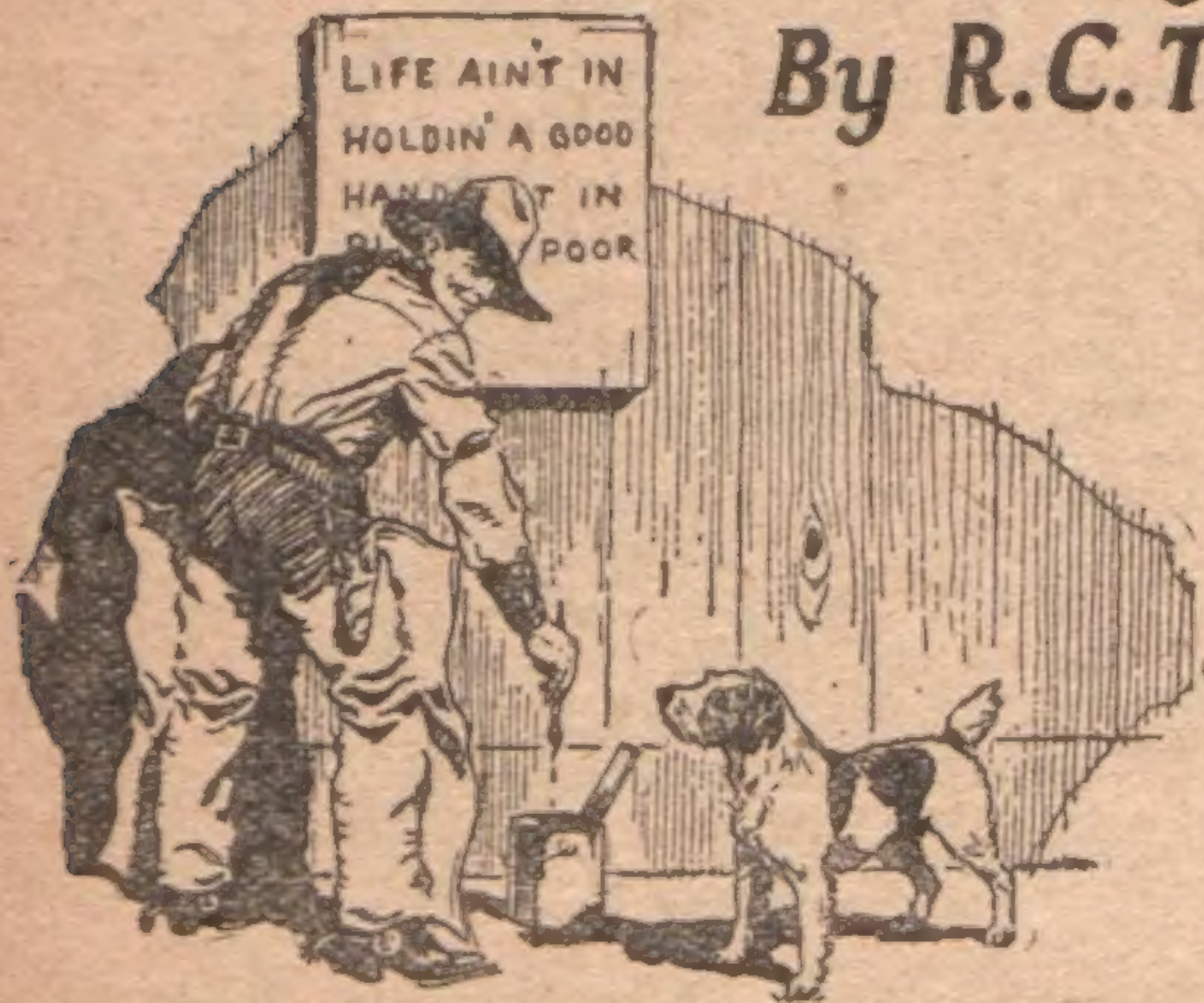
In discussing the safeguards the bees take to protect themselves and their homes, Mr. Barrett says:

"They are not satisfied with outside guard. Inside the entrance a guard is constantly posted. They are flanked by a line of bees, prepared to give battle at a moment's notice."

"When a powerful invader appears the whole hive joins in the fight against him. Each bee has a certain duty to perform under such conditions. The bee knows instinctively what the task is and precisely when it should be taken up."

"Life Ain't in Holdin' a Good Hand, but in Playin' a Poor Hand Well"

By R.C. Templeton



THERE IS NO FINER THING IN THE WORLD than courage. It is the warm and beautiful flame which lights the fires of ambition in every man's soul and burns a forward path through every difficulty.

It is easy to be courageous when the odds are in your favor. But the greater hero is the man who smiles a brave smile when days are darkest and keeps on fighting toward the ultimate goal—"to the last a warrior unafraid."

As Grantland Rice so beautifully expresses it:—

"God grant that in the strife and stress
Which all must face who linger here—
Upon the Field of Hopelessness
Or with the laurel swinging near,
Upon the world's red firing line
The battle of the strong and weak—
The fate of all the Fates be mine—
I will not show the Yellow Streak.

If Fortune play me false or fair—
If, from the shadowlands I creep
Up to the heights and linger there,
Or topple downward to the deep—
On up the rugged path of fame,
Where one man falls—another mounts;
God grant that I play out the game,
For there is nothing else that counts."

As the old cowboy saying goes—"Life ain't in holdin' a good hand, but in playin' a poor hand well."

What if you did have to leave school when you were but a boy! What if you have been working for years at a small salary with little or no chance for advancement! Do you think that makes any difference to a real fighter?

What you have done with your time up to now accounts for what you are Today.—

What you do with your time from now on will decide what you will be Tomorrow.

Your hands can't earn the money you need. But your head can—and will!—if you give it the chance.

No matter what your age—your education—or your means, you can get out of the rut and make good in a big way if you grit your teeth and say "I will."

DO you want to advance in Business? In Advertising? In Salesmanship? Many of the country's foremost Sales and Advertising Managers, Chief Clerks, Accountants, Office Managers, Bookkeepers, and Private Secretaries have won success with the help of the International Correspondence Schools. More students have been enrolled in the I. C. S. Business Courses than in any other business courses in the country.

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How much longer are you going to wait before taking the step that is bound to bring you more money? Isn't it better to start now than to wait five years and then realize what the delay has cost you?

One hour after supper each night spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home will prepare you for the position you want.

Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, mark and mail this coupon. It takes only a moment of your time, but it is the most important thing you can do today. Right now is the time to say "I will."

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Foreign Trade |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
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